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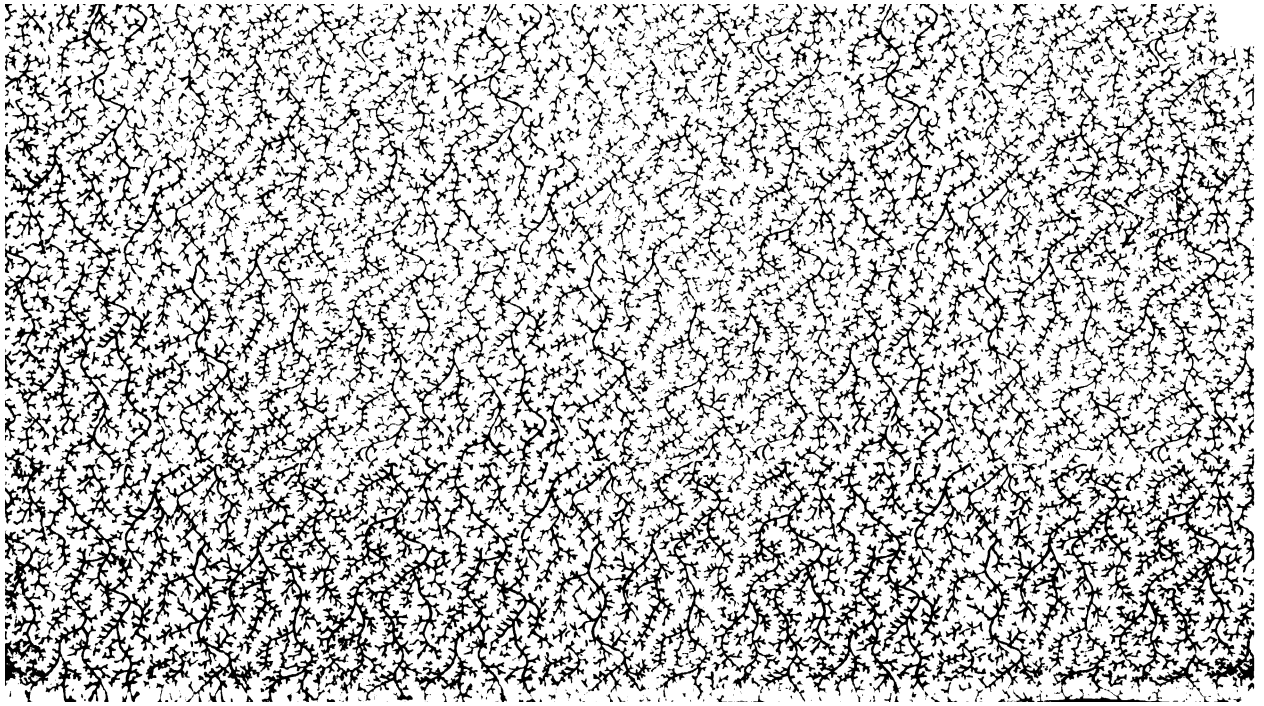

(Maria)
NKT

MARIA CECILIA:

OR,

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF THE DAUGHTER OF

A C H M E T III.

EMPEROR OF THE TURKS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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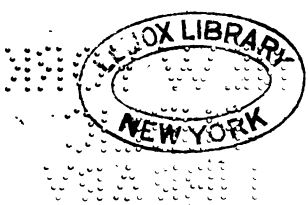
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TO THE READER.

OF the ſubſtance of the following Hiſtory I will warrant the truth. I have before me the moſt authentic papers, which confirm it. There may be ſome epiſodes, the reality of which I cannot equally affirm, as the original pieces neceſſary to prove them were wanting; ſo that the moſt part of them I could only recite as they were related to me.

THE EDITOR.

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MARIA CECILIA.

CHAP. I.

Introduction.—Emilia's History.—Carried off by Pirates.

THE moſt noble birth, the moſt unremitting adverſity; the dangers to which beauty is expoſed, and the triumphs of virtue; the weakneſs of the ſex, and the efforts of fortitude; haughtineſs of ſoul, and tenderneſs of heart; the pride of blood, and frequent humiliations of fortune, are the contraſts which my life exhibits. Heaven, inſcrutable in its deſigns, devoted to misfortune a princeſs, who, at her birth, ſeemed deſtined to the apparent ſerenity of a palace.

That the *ſombre* pencil of misfortune t unfrequently ſhadows the deſtiny of

the great, is a leſſon that cannot be too often inculcated. It tempers the pride of ſome, quiets the murmurs of others, and teaches all, that there is no real happineſs but what is derived from virtue. The misfortunes of king Staniſlaus, and the magnanimity with which he bore thoſe misfortunes, have, perhaps, produced more virtuous ſentiments in the human heart, than the long and peaceful example of the Antonines.

I was born in the ſeraglio of *****, in the month of January, 1710; the daughter of the greateſt man that ever ſat upon the Ottoman throne; of that Achmet III. ſo celebrated for his courage, generoſity, and magnanimity; nor leſs known by the cataſtrophe which deprived him of his ſceptre in 1730. My mother was a native of Georgia, named Aſki, whoſe wit, talents, and beauty, had a long time fixed the heart of the ſultan.

I was kept in ignorance of the early events of my life, till my reaſon was ſufficiently matured for them to be confided to me without fear. I will relate them as they were then diſcloſed to me. No ſooner was I uſhered into life than the ſtorm began to growl over my head. Dangers beſet my cradle; nor did the calm of infancy ſhelter me from the tempe

tempeſt of the paſſions: I was the ſport of thoſe of others long before I was the prey of my own.

An Italian ſlave, twenty-ſix years of age, who had been ten years ſhut up in the ſeraglio, and whom my mother valued for her mental talents, and the variety of her accompliſhments, received me into her arms when I firſt ſaw the light. Among the Turks, unſkilful in all the arts, thoſe which contribute to the preſervation of health conſiſt only of ridiculous notions. From this ignorance ariſes the abſurd practices they employ in midwifery, by which the ſufferings of the patient are always increaſed, and of which too many are the victims. Fatima, (this was the name of the ſlave) the daughter of a ſurgeon in the neighbourhood of Genoa, had left her country at an age ſufficiently advanced to have acquired ſome knowledge of medicine from her father. She was fortunate enough to render my mother's ſituation leſs painful than was uſual. This endeared her ſtill more to Aſki. Her credit increaſed: the generous Achmet loaded her with preſents; and I was thout heſitation, entruſted to her care. From a remarkable ſingularity of na- e I refuſed the breaſt; and a few ps of Cyprus wine were the firſt nu-

(Maria)
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to ſea, the other mournfully returns to Genoa. The deſpair of Salmoni, and his wounds, witneſſed the truth of this terrible event. This ſcene paſſed with the rapidity of lightning; and the two lovers were ſurprized, attacked, and ſeparated almoſt in an inſtant.

The diſtreſs of Fatima may eaſily be conceived, when the dawn of the next morning diſcovered to her, that ſhe was in an Algerine bark: and the language and appearance of her raviſhers left her no room to doubt of her fate.

To explain the manner of Fatima's being taken away, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that the Turkiſh merchants, who trade in ſlaves, frequently approach the ſea coaſts thus, under favour of the night. They are acquainted with the moſt frequented places, repair to them, remain there in profound ſilence, and if any boat unhappily paſs near them, they board it in an inſtant, and their prey is carried off before it has time to defend itſelf. Iman (this was the name of the merchant) arrived in the evening near the mouth of the port of Genoa. Some tender couplets, which Salmoni accompanied with a mandolin, led Iman to ſuppoſe, that a female was the object of them. The capturing a beauty is extremely flattering to the avarice

of theſe pirates. Iman's reſolution, therefore, was ſoon formed; and the execution of it, which we have juſt read, inſtantly followed.

The reſpect theſe merchants pay to their captives is proportioned to their beauty. I have already ſaid, that Fatima was agreeable; but ſhe was not poſſeſſed of ſufficient charms to be admitted amongſt the numbers of thoſe proud *odaliques*, whom the ſultan ſometimes deigns to favour with the ſmiles they court. Iman haſtened to reach the port of Fez. He did not, at firſt, entertain any very high opinion of the value of his prize; but ſome talents which, during the paſſage, he diſcovered his ſlave to poſſeſs, gave him hopes of diſpoſing of her to advantage, and induced him to treat her with more gentleneſs than he had done at firſt.

Iman arrived at Fez a few days before the departure of the ambaſſador who is charged with the annual tribute paid by that kingdom to the grand ſeignor. Iſmael Amdit, who was at that time honoured with that poſt, was accompanied by one of his wives, for whom he had the tendereſt affection,

d who, a prey to melancholy, ſeem-
gradually approaching the grave.
r huſband anxiouſly ſought whatever
could

could amuſe her, or attract her attention. Iman knew how to profit by this circumſtance. He had the addreſs to diſplay the talents of Fatima to Iſmael; to perſuade him, that ſhe was capable of amuſing the object of his love, and even, perhaps, by that means, of reſtoring her health. Iſmael, enchanted with the proſpect, embraced it with tranſport; and the avaricious Iman made the moſt of the ambaſſador's credulity, ſelling him Fatima at an enormous price. But this did not preſerve the life of Iſmael's wife, who died on the voyage from Fez to Conſtantinople, whither Fatima attended her diſconſolate maſter.

Iſmael could not bear the preſence of any thing that recalled to his memory the image of the woman he adored. He diſpoſed of Fatima, who was purchaſed by the grand vizier, and placed amongſt thoſe ſlaves, whoſe accompliſhments render them fit for the amuſements contrived to entertain the miſtreſſes of the ſultan. By degrees ſhe acquired the friendſhip of the ſultana Aſki, and obtained the high honour, as I have already obſerved, of being intruſted with the care of my infancy. Ten years of abſence had not baniſhed from her heart the remembrance of

Salmoni,

Salmoni, but they had insensibly worn away the poignancy of a cruel separation. No one is ignorant of the power which the Christian religion has on a virtuous mind, and that of Fatima was truly virtuous.

From that religion, the sublimity of whose moral system is only equalled by the divinity of its origin, we derive a resignation to those misfortunes which God is pleased to send us, and an unbounded submission to his decrees, which teaches us to commit our fate into the hands of Providence without repining. What, indeed, are our sufferings, compared with those of him who died to save us? This religion, professed in secret by Fatima within the walls of the seraglio, poured the balm of comfort into the wounds of her heart. Those wounds were no longer bleeding, but the scars were tender; the slightest touch was sufficient to open them afresh in a single instant. That instant decided the fate of a daughter to one of the first potentates in the world.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Salmoni's Travels.—Tidings of his Love.—Voyage to Fez.

IT is eaſy to conceive the deſpair into which Salmoni was thrown by the loſs of Fatima, the grief of the two families, and the vague conjectures which that event occaſioned. The morning, which followed that unfortunate night, diſcovered a French ſquadron, that had anchored at the mouth of the harbour of Genoa whilſt it was dark. The reputation for gallantry which that nation has acquired, and which the Italian jealouſy magnifies, ſeemed to afford a gleam of light to the unfortunate Salmoni. He doubted not but that thoſe veſſels concealed his miſtreſs, and that the French were the authors of his calamity. But he could not flatter himſelf that the Genoeſe government would take the leaſt ſtep in favour of his wiſhes. The terror which the name of Louis XIV. ſpread throughout Europe, and which was deeply impreſſed on the minds of the Genoeſe, whoſe title of proud could not ſave them from the moſt degrading humiliation

humiliation, would not ſuffer the ſenate of Genoa, at that time, to make the ſlighteſt remonſtrance. Such are unfortunately the general conſequences of human weakneſs. The juſt puniſhment of a fault that has been committed, leaves behind it a fear that ſeems to extinguiſh, in the mind of man, the claims he has on juſtice. It appears to him as if his having wanted the power to keep himſelf from being in the wrong, rendered him incapable of ever being in the right. This is a ſingular paradox; for his confidence of obtaining juſtice ought to increaſe, from the very circumſtance of his having been juſtly puniſhed.

Salmoni, having nothing to hope from the interference of his country, took a reſolution agreeable to the violence of his love. He determined to go to Touſon, to wait for the ſquadron, which was ſoon to return thither, and, carefully examining every one who ſhould diſembark from the ſhips, to convince himſelf of what his mind ſcarce doubted. In ſpite of the tears of his family, that ſought to retain him, in ſpite of his deep and dangerous wounds, that were not yet cured, he departed from Genoa, arrived at Toulon before the ſquadron, and had very ſoon

ſoon the grief of ſeeing all his hopes vaniſh. Notwithſtanding the diligence of his inquiries, he could learn no news of his miſtreſs. This increaſed his grief, inflamed his wounds, and, in a few days, he ſaw himſelf at the point of death.

He knows little of love, who ſuppoſes that time is capable of eradicating it from a heart of which it has once been abſolute maſter. Love never ceaſes to hope. Abſence irritates it: difficulties and obſtacles increaſe its ardour. When we no longer ſee the object of our paſſion, the heart feels the moſt pungent ſorrow; but the imagination preſents the image of that object to the mind; every day gives it a new charm at the expence of reaſon; every day the voice of reaſon is leſs attended to; and we are at laſt aſtoniſhed to find, that ſymptoms of madneſs ſucceed to the moſt gentle paſſion which nature ever implanted in the human breaſt.

To his youth, and the ſtrength of his conſtitution, Salmoni was indebted for the preſervation of his life. He eaſily perſuaded himſelf, that his obſervations could not have extended to every place, and that his ſearch had not been ſo minute as it ought. Perhaps he had

beer

been known, the motive of his curiosity guessed, and as much precaution employed to conceal his mistress, as he had exerted diligence in his pursuit of her. In consequence of this idea he left Toulon, repaired to Paris, and rambled successively through England, Holland, and Germany. Exhausted, rather than tired, with the fruitless enquiries in which he had spent eight years, he at last went to Marseilles, with an intention to return to Italy.

Contrary winds detained him some time in that city. One evening, as he was walking on the quay, a galley slave begged alms of him. Salmoni asked him a few questions; learnt that he was a Tunisian, had been a captive two years, and waited a favourable opportunity to recover his liberty. Salmoni gave him some money; and as he was about to depart, the galley slave said to him, with a smile, I perceive, by your accent, sir, that you are a Genoese. If you knew me, you would not be so generous to me. Why? said Salmoni. Because I have done a great deal of mischief to your country.—How?—I have assisted in taking away more than twenty girls from it in the course of

These words excited strong ... in the mind of Salmoni. He related

related what had happened to him, the time, the circumſtances, deſcribed Fatima.—No one, ſaid the ſlave, interrupting him, can relate that adventure better than I. I was preſent. I was then in the ſervice of a merchant of Fez, called Iman. I was one of thoſe who ſtabbed the young man in the boat. Ah! wretch, cried Salmoni, 'twas I you aſſaſſinated. The ſlave, more dead than alive, curſed his indiſcretion: but what was his aſtoniſhment when Salmoni fell on his neck, calling him his benefactor, his friend, his preſerver.

After his firſt tranſports were over, he inquired how he might find Iman, and where he lived. He, indeed, aſked every queſtion, that can be ſuppoſed to come into the mind of a man in love to diſtraction. The artful ſlave replied, if I were at liberty I would conduct you to Iman, and we ſhould undoubtedly diſcover her whom you ſo ardently deſire to ſee. But for that purpoſe it would be neceſſary to pay my ranſom, which perhaps, is a greater ſacrifice than you are diſpoſed to make. If that be all, ſaid Salmoni, you ſhall ſoon be at liberty.

In fact, he repaired immediately to the commiſſary, and eaſily ranſomed the ſlave. Unable to reſtrain his impatience,

patience, he the next day hired a tartan, belonging to Marſeilles; and t wind, that prevented his return to Ital being fair for Africa, he put to ſea immediately, and ſoon loſt ſight of the mountains of Provence.

Were it not for the ſtrongeſt conviction of the omnipotence of the Creator, we ſhould be tempted to believe that there are, in nature, two principles, continually at war with each other; one willing events, the other oppoſing them. On the prevalence of one or the other my deſtiny ſeems to have depended. Was Salmoni to diſcover the ſituation of Fatima, or was he not? If not, undoubtedly I ſhould never have left the palace of my father; and it appears as though ſome powerful inviſible agent uſed every effort to prevent his finding her. But ſome one more powerful rendered all thoſe efforts vain.

Salmoni now indulged himſelf in all thoſe pleaſing reveries that fill the mind of a lover, burning to ſee a miſtreſs from whom he has been long ſeparated. The coaſts of Africa were in ſight; and if the wind continued fair, the next day would land him ſafe at Fez.

ired to reſt full of the moſt ;aming ideas; nor did he awake till ıg after ſun-riſe. He aroſe. Perceiving

ceiving a kind of embarraſſment on the countenances of the captain and the crew, he aſked the reaſon of it. They were ſilent a long while. At laſt the captain ſaid, you will be no leſs ſurprized than we are, when you are informed, that your ſlave has diſappeared. We have ſought him in vain all over the veſſel; nor can we conceive what is become of him. As it was calm all night, he cannot have been waſhed overboard: beſides, half the crew was on the watch; the veſſel is ſmall, and a man falling in the water makes a noiſe; he muſt, therefore, have been heard. The devil has certainly taken away this dog of a muſſulman.

Had a clap of thunder burſt at the feet of Salmoni he would not have been ſo ſtrucken. His hopes were vaniſhed in an inſtant. On the point of finding himſelf in a country with whoſe language he was unacquainted; having no clue to guide him in his ſearch, but the name of Iman, which he happily remembered; without recommendation, without acquaintance, in the midſt of a people poſſeſſed of neither faith nor probity, hating Chriſtians, and who, ignorant of the laws of nations, might make a jeſt of retaining him as a ſlave. At the firſt inſtant he was tempted to return

turn to France; but love got the better of prudence, and abandoning himself to fate, he pursued his course.

The slave's disappearing was certainly incomprehensible. They were all astonished at it. Salmoni questioned by turns each of the sailors: not one gave him a satisfactory answer, or even dropped a single word, that could lead to the slightest conjecture. In reality each was as ignorant of the affair as himself. The wind freshening, the port of Fez was soon in sight; and, in a few hours, they anchored under the walls of the city.

Salmoni landed, and presented himself at the gates. An interpreter, who is always there to interrogate strangers, asked who he was. He answered a Frenchman. The bombardment of Algiers, which had happened a little before, had rendered this name terrible to those barbarians. He was introduced, therefore, without difficulty, and a guard was appointed to conduct him to the French consul's. After the usual compliments, Salmoni took the consul aside, acquainted him with his country, his misfortunes, the fruitlessness of his long researches, the object of his voyage, his recent loss of the only man that could have assisted him, and

and the name of the merchant, which he had not forgotten. The conſul felt for this unfortunate young man. He aſked if he had any money. Salmoni anſwered, yes. So much the better, replied the conſul; there are very few things that money will not effect in this country; and I do not deſpair of your ſucceeding in your reſearch.

The conſul went with him to the cadi. This gentleman, ſaid he, is an Italian whom the king, my maſter, has taken under his protection: he will inform you of his buſineſs; and it is my requeſt, that you give him all the aſſiſtance in your power. Salmoni, adviſed by the conſul, took care to put a purſe, containing an hundred ſequins, into the hands of the cadi, before he addreſſed him; and having thus diſpoſed him to liſten favourably to his requeſt, informed him of his wiſhes. The cadi diſpatched a meſſenger to Iman immediately. The meſſenger ſoon returned with information, that Iman had been at ſea two months, and was not expected for five or ſix weeks. You ſee, Chriſtian, ſaid the cadi, I can do nothing: you muſt wait the arrival of Iman: for my part I know nothing of her whom you ſeek.

Theſe delays were terrible to Salmoni:

ni: yet there was no remedy but patience. The conſul, ſenſible of his grief, did every thing he could to render his houſe agreeable to him, and endeavoured, in ſome meaſure, to alleviate his ſorrows, by amuſing his mind.

Salmoni was tall, well made, and of an engaging addreſs. His countenance was gentle, and his whole appearance beſpoke a tranquillity of mind. But theſe deceitful appearances concealed a ſoul of fire, capable of the higheſt exceſſes, and of a perſeverance ſeldom to be met with. When I was arrived at years of diſcretion I knew him, and of courſe I was able to form a judgment of his character: though he was not then young, his exterior eaſily diſcovered what it had been. He was five or ſix and twenty when at Fez, and, of courſe, muſt then have been handſome.

A Neapolitan woman, who was houſekeeper to the French conſul, could not avoid being ſtruck with Salmoni. This woman had long been a ſlave; but her maſter, at his death, gave her her freedom. Having no expectations in her own country, ſhe had entered into the ſervice of the conſul. At this time ſhe was near forty; but ſhe was ſtill agreeable. Notwithſtanding the difference of religion, and the hazard ſhe ran, ſhe had long

long received the addreſſes of a Turk; but the ſight of Salmoni in an inſtant made her inconſtant. For this inconſtancy ſhe paid dearly in a very ſhort time.

Love is clear-ſighted. She ſoon perceived that a deep-rooted paſſion preyed on the heart of Salmoni. This diſcovery thwarted, but did not extinguiſh her love. We eaſily flatter ourſelves. Reckoning on the power of her charms, ſhe did not deſpair of captivating him, if ſhe could gain his confidence. Not poſſeſſing too much delicacy, the heart of her lover was not her object. She preferred ſenſual gratifications to all the ſweet enjoyments of the ſoul, that ſpring from mutual love.

She began with thoſe ſlight attentions, thoſe minute preferences, which always intereſt a ſenſible heart, and which are particularly the moſt artful baits that can be uſed for the unhappy. The heart that is deeply affected, looks round to find a depoſitary for its griefs. Salmoni was every day diſcourſing to the conſul of the violence of his paſſion. But a confidence between the two ſexes has a peculiar charm, and the heart is more ſolaced by it. Salmoni was too much in love to ſuſpect the motive of the Neapolitan's attentions. He gave himſelf up,

up, without reſerve, to the pleaſing conſolation of ſpeaking of his pains to an agreeable woman, who appeared to liſten to them with tenderneſs, and whoſe country and language had a particular affinity to his own, in a place where he was ſurrounded with ſtrangers.

This was a great ſtep for the Neapolitan, yet it was but little to the end ſhe propoſed. She ſaw Salmoni's confidence increaſe every day; ſhe was even certain of his friendſhip. But this was far from ſufficient; and all her cares were repaid only by thoſe civilities, which a gallant man cannot refuſe to the attentions of a woman. She was ſenſible, that whilſt Salmoni retained the leaſt hope of recovering Fatima, ſhe ſhould never remove his attachment. She determined, therefore, by one deſperate ſtroke, to eradicate a paſſion that, whilſt it ſubſiſted, would be an inſurmountable obſtacle to her deſires. When ſhe had once formed her reſolution, ſhe put off the execution of it no longer than till the next interview.

The conſul had a magnificent garden. The exceſſive heat, that reigns on the coaſts of Africa, makes ſhade deſirable. Green arbours, made ſtill more refreſhing by fountains playing in a thouſand pleaſing forms, rendered this ſpot deli-

cious. The inhabitants of this country have no intercourſe with Europeans, except on buſineſs. The conſul had ſcarcely any ſociety in the city, which was to him a kind of deſert; he had endeavoured, therefore, to embelliſh his garden as much as was poſſible. Theſe retreats had a charm for Salmoni: their ſolitude was fitted to the diſpoſition of his mind: he paſſed almoſt whole days in them. Here, where ſhe frequently ſought him, the Neapolitan had fixed the ſcene of a confidence which he little ſuſpected.

Always ſad, always ſorrowful! ſaid ſhe, coming up to him. Have not eight years of abſence quieted your mind? The ladies who have ſeen you cannot have been pleaſed with this miſtreſs of yours, for having thus occupied your heart. Was ſhe the only one in the world worthy of your love? But do you know, that thus waſting your youth in an unavailing conſtancy, is to ſpend it in a ſhameful indifference. Extremes always approach each other. Take care, ſaid Salmoni, how you talk in this manner before thoſe who do not know you, amiable as you are, they will ſuppoſe you have never been beloved, and that, with your charms, is impoſſible.—The compliment is prettily turned; but confeſs,

fefs, however, that you are ſtrangely duped, if your miſtreſs ſhould chance to prove faithleſs, or, which is very poſſible, if ſhe were dead, thus to purſue an imaginary being.—No: my heart tells me, that we ſhall meet again.—I wiſh it may be ſo: and, indeed, there are many names reſemble each other.—What! did you know her?—I cannot ſay. I knew an Emilia: was not her name Emilia?—I have told you ſo an hundred times. Heavens! you knew her and never yet diſcovered it to me!—Certainly: the news would not be very pleaſing: beſides, I am miſtaken: your Emilia was from Rome, I think; the one I knew was from Genoa: they cannot be the ſame.—Go on, in the name of God! my Emilia was from Genoa. How often have I told you ſo?—Indeed?—What! ſhould I deceive you?—Ah! if that be the caſe, how I repent of my indiſcretion! I perceive, that I ſhall pierce your heart, and I am not a woman to offer you conſolation: no, never: if your heart were at liberty, I do not think I ſhould accept it. —Put an end to my perplexity at once. What do you know of Emilia?—Well! you will promiſe to behave like a man: but, I know you will. We love a miſtreſs to-day, and find ten to-morrow. I

do not ſpeak of myſelf, however: I am not young enough to inſpire love.

During all this diſcourſe, Salmoni was on the rack. Finiſh your ſtory, ſaid he, or I ſhall die at your feet of anxiety and impatience.—I muſt! well, I was acquainted with your miſtreſs. I was the ſlave of Iſmael Abdil, when this Iman, for whom you are waiting, ſold her to him for five hundred ſequins. Iſmael became deſperately in love with her. She was not cruel, and died accompanying him to Conſtantinople.

At theſe words Salmoni fell dead at her feet. The blow was ſtruck, and this was all the treacherous Neapolitan wiſhed. Judging of Salmoni by herſelf, ſhe hoped ſoon to be miſtreſs of a heart, from which ſhe had baniſhed her rival in ſo cruel a manner. Unable to recall him to his ſenſes, ſhe cried out for help. The people of the houſe ſoon came to her aſſiſtance, and the conſul neglected nothing to recover him. Enquiring the cauſe of the accident, the Neapolitan declared with an ingenuous air, what ſhe had imparted to him; obſerving, that ſhe had done him a real ſervice, in delivering him from a paſſion, which the death of his miſtreſs rendered of no avail.

The relation appeared to the conſul extremely probable. He knew that the Neapo-

Neapolitan had actually belonged to Iſmael Abdil, who had given her her freedom at his death; and he thought the truth could not be doubted, if Iman, at his return, agreed in having ſold Emilia to that Moor.

The moment he heard that Iman was returned, he went to his houſe, without acquainting Salmoni, who had been in ſo weak a ſtate, ever ſince the converſation with the Neapolitan, that his life was deſpaired of. The conſul was too well acquainted with every circumſtance relative to the capturing Emilia, for him to find any difficulty in putting queſtions to Iman. The merchant, without the leaſt heſitation, ſaid, that he recollected the adventure very well, though it was near nine years ago: that he had ſold the young woman to Iſmael Abdil, who was departing for Conſtantinople, to carry the tribute to the grand ſeignor; and, that he had heard nothing of her ſince.

If the merchant had added, that Iſmael bought this ſlave merely with the hope of diverting his ſpouſe, who was falling a prey to melancholy, it would have given ſtrong reaſons to ſuſpect the Neapolitan's veracity: but this he avoided, as it would have tended to diſcloſe ſome of the manœuvres of his trade.

The conſul no longer doubted the death of Emilia. He, by degrees, prepared Salmoni to receive this laſt confirmation of his misfortune; and friendſhip, more attentive than love, employed all thoſe precautions which the blind paſſion of the Neapolitan was not capable of.

The repeated kindneſſes of the conſul, and the intereſted attentions of the Neapolitan, ſoftened, in ſome meaſure, the ſorrows of the unfortunate Genoeſe. From this that woman drew favourable concluſions, and did not deſpair of ſoon reaping the fruits of her deteſtable ſcheme; but the moment was approaching, in which heaven took vengeance of her guilt, and puniſhed a conduct, that had long incurred its diſpleaſure.

The Turk, who had been a lover of the Neapolitan, ſoon perceived his miſtreſs's coolneſs. He beſet her with ſpies, and eaſily learnt the cauſe of her infidelity. Every one knows the effects of jealouſy in that people. Too haughty to ſtoop to reproaches, the Turks have not the art of loading the deceiver with contempt: the blood of the treacherous miſtreſs can alone waſh out the ſhame. His ſpies informed him, that Salmoni did not return the paſſion of his inconſtant lover; and this ſaved Salmoni's life.

life. All his vengeance fell upon the Neapolitan; nor was it long before its cruel effects displayed themselves.

Salmoni, enfeebled and worn out with grief, felt a pleasure, that love alone can know, in frequently revisiting the arbour, in which, if I may be allowed the expression, he had received the sentence of death. This arbour was at a distance from the consul's house. The Neapolitan often accompanied him thither. One evening, as the darkness of approaching night obliged them to quit it, Salmoni felt himself seized by the arm. Is it thou, Christian? said a rough voice to him. Yes, replied he. Be witness, then, said the unknown, of the vengeance of an enraged lover. The perfidious woman that accompanies thee, once loved me: thou art now the object of her love; nor was it her fault, that her crime has not been carried to the utmost. Thy indifference has saved thy life. I am not an assassin; but I am capable of avenging myself. With these words he plunged his poniard into the Neapolitan's bosom—O God! I am murdered, cried she. —Come, Christian; leave that wretch. Thou art weak; I will lead thee. Salmoni, struck with horror at the scene, gave himself up to his guide, without uttering a word, and was led to the con-

ſul's houſe by the Turk, who retired as ſoon as he had delivered him into the hands of the domeſtics.

As ſoon as Salmoni could ſpeak, and the conſul was informed of the adventure, his ſervants ran with lights to the place, where this tragic ſcene had been acted. On learning that a Turk was the perpetrator, he could not flatter himſelf with obtaining vengeance for this violation of his ſanctuary, as the government of Fez was too ſubmiſſive to the Ottoman Porte, to ſacrifice a ſubject of the grand ſeignor on ſuch an account. He reſolved, therefore, to paſs it over in ſilence, without complaining to his court; as the attempt was not made with any intention of inſulting the power which he repreſented.

The unfortunate Neapolitan was carried ſenſeleſs to her chamber. A ſurgeon, who was ſent for, declared, that ſhe was not yet dead, but that the wound was mortal, and that it was impoſſible for her to ſurvive it. Some cordials recalled her to her ſenſes. The conſul took upon himſelf to inform her of her danger, and exhort her to think only of her future ſtate.

The night was already far advanced when ſhe came to herſelf. The conſul had inſiſted on Salmoni's retiring to reſt.

His

His weakneſs, and the emotions into which the ſcene he had juſt witneſſed had thrown him, made him yield to the ſolicitations of his hoſt, and he had retired. He was aſleep when the conſul, entering his chamber, at four o'clock in the morning, ſaid to him with eagerneſs, riſe, my friend. I fear the Neapolitan has but a few hours to live. She aſks for you: ſhe ſays, that ſhe has an important ſecret to diſcloſe to you. Come inſtantly, leſt death ſhould prevent her. If I may gueſs from ſome incoherent words, the ſecret concerns your love.

Salmoni followed the conſul to her chamber. Is he there? ſaid ſhe, with a faint voice. When ſhe was informed that he was, ſhe made a ſign to the conſul for the attendants to withdraw. Then, collecting the little ſtrength that was left her, I am dying, ſaid ſhe: I am going to appear before my eternal judge; may the pardon, which I ſincerely aſk of you both, obtain mine at the foot of his throne. May I hope for pardon from him?—Yes! his mercy is infinite.—He has granted me thoſe few hours to repent. I have deſerved my fate, nor do I murmur at it. Pardon me both of you; I have highly offended both. You, by carrying on in your houſe an illicit

commerce with that Turk, who has ſo juſtly puniſhed me for my infidelity: you, by conceiving a fatal paſſion for you, for which death is my recompenſe. I treated you barbarouſly: barbarouſly I deſerved to be treated. May the confeſſion of my crime repair the grief I have cauſed you! I wiſhed to be the ſole miſtreſs of your heart: I have cruelly impoſed on you. Your Emilia yet lives: ſhe is called Fatima—O God! cried Salmoni.—Do not interrupt me, continued ſhe: I feel myſelf grow faint, and your happineſs depends on what I have to ſay. She then informed him of what has been already related concerning Fatima; and continuing with a broken voice, will you pardon me? Say, that you pardon me. By that attachment, which I have ſhewn for you: by that love: alas! it was extreme. Had it been inſpired by virtue, never had woman loved you more tenderly. But pardon me. Do not let me appear before my judge, with your curſes on my head. Ah! draw nearer: my eyes cloſe: I—— Yes, unhappy woman, we forgive you: may that God whom we all ſerve forgive you alſo. She ſeemed to revive a moment; the ſmile of hope appeared on her lips amidſt the horrors of death: ſhe feebly preſſed a hand

hand of each with her own: she reclined her head: and she was no more.

They withdrew from this mournful spectacle into another apartment. See, my dear Salmoni, said the consul, to what our disorderly passions lead us. What an example! I am no longer of an age to fear their power; but you are yet young, and I see the violence of your disposition. Pardon me, if my friendship call your attention for a moment to the fatal effects of the passions. I shall never, perhaps, see you again; yet I have a sincere affection for you. I could wish to know that you were happy; and happiness can only be obtained by being masters of ourselves. Reflect on the fate which this unhappy woman has brought on herself, by having blindly given up the reins to her passions. If ourselves alone were the sufferers by their effects, we should deserve pity: but they extend to all who are connected with us, and thus we become objects of detestation. What would have become of you, if the poniard of her lover had instantly bereft her of life? The short remainder of your days would have been spent in misery. The man who gives way to his passions, ought frequently to reflect that they are the continual punishment of those who are governed by them:

them: that their ſlaves are infallibly criminal, whilſt they entail misfortune on their objects; and that they, who are guided by them, are deſpiſed by the villains, who profit by their weakneſs, and pitied by the good, who carefully avoid them. But, my friend, I conceive your impatience. Depart for Conſtantinople: go where love calls you; but, in the name of God, be prudent: and may that love at laſt be rewarded, which heaven has ſo long ſeemed to oppoſe.

CHAP. III.

Journey to Conſtantinople.—Finds his beloved.

THE reader will, perhaps, be ſurprized to find me enlarging on circumſtances, which muſt as yet appear foreign to the hiſtory of my life; but we ſhall ſoon ſee how cloſely they are connected with it. Had I not drawn his attention to the adventures of Fatima

tima and Salmoni, it would have been impoſſible for him to have traced the ſource of my firſt misfortunes.

It is eaſily imagined, that Salmoni delayed his departure no longer than he was compelled to do it, by his weakneſs, and the gratitude he owed the conſul. In two days every thing was ready for his voyage. They ſeparated with tears in their eyes, and the veſſel ſet ſail with a fair wind for the Archipelago.

Whilſt Salmoni remained at Fez, the Neapolitan had taught him the Turkiſh language, ſo as to enable him to converſe tolerably well in it. The conſul adviſed him to aſſume the habit of that nation, to make him leſs liable to be ſuſpected, and facilitate his enterprize. He had even preſented him many rich dreſſes of their faſhion. Salmoni himſelf was in eaſy circumſtances: he had two truſty ſlaves, for whom he was alſo indebted to the conſul: thus his equipage, generoſity, and elegant carriage, gave him the appearance of a young Turk of diſtinction travelling for amuſement.

On his arrival at Conſtantinople he took a lodging near the moſque of Ibrahim, and gave himſelf out for a young merchant of the province of Romelia. Conforming in every thing to the cuſtoms

toms of the country, no one ſuſpected him for a Chriſtian in diſguiſe.

I was at this time two months old. A ſlight indiſpoſition, with which the ſultana, my mother, was attacked, induced the affectionate Achmet to require her conſent, that I ſhould be removed to the quarter of the old ſeraglio, till ſhe was perfectly recovered. Hitherto I had never quitted her apartment: but my infant cries awoke her frequently in the night, and the diſturbing her reſt retarded her convaleſcence. Fatima attended me to my habitation. The honour of having me intruſted to her care, placed her, as it were, in the rank of a ſultana: and the great credit ſhe enjoyed, rendered her almoſt a ſovereign, within a certain ſphere.

The extreme ſeverity of the ſeraglio in preventing all communication from without, extends only to thoſe women who are deſtined for the pleaſures of the ſultan. The ſlaves, who are not reſerved for that honour, are leſs ſtrictly watched; and, though they are obliged to be extremely cautious, they do not run the ſame hazard, if they be detected in any infringement of the rules of the place; provided, however, that their correſpondence affect themſelves alone, and

and that none of the odaliques, whom they ſerve, be concerned in it.

Salmoni was acquainted with this. It was not, therefore, the difficulty of informing Fatima of his arrival, that gave him the moſt diſquiet, but the means of conveying her from the ſeraglio; as that is a crime which never fails to bring inſtant death on both parties, if detected. Other thoughts, too, helped to diſtreſs the tranquillity of his mind. Had not Fatima proved faithleſs to him during an abſence of near ten years? Had ſhe not forgotten him? Had not ſome other lover taken his place in her heart? Had not her tender years, yielding to ſeduction and example, abandoned the religion of her fathers? All theſe fears agitated his mind; and the ſentiments of a premature jealouſy poiſoned the ſatisfaction he received from being ſo near his miſtreſs. He at length determined, however, to put an end to his doubts as ſoon as poſſible; and, if he found Fatima ſtill worthy of his love, to periſh rather than leave her long in her gorgeous priſon.

The ſecond day after his arrival, walking in the bazar, as is cuſtomary with merchants, he went into the ſhop of a jeweller of Balſora, leſs with an intention of becoming a purchaſer, than from curio-

curiosity, and to form an acquaintance, from which he might gather more information of the customs of Constantinople and the seraglio. He had scarcely been there an hour, when a youth of about twelve years old, richly dress, entered the shop. Every one rose with respect; and, at his request, the most valuable goods were displayed before him. He examined several, which he touched with an ivory wand, that he held in his hand; and the moment he had pointed them out, the merchant respectfully placed them in a little basket covered with brocade, which he had brought with him.

Salmoni approaching one of the persons present, whispered him,—I am a stranger; inform me, I pray, who is that youth, whom they serve with so much attention?—It is evident, answered the other, that you are a stranger, otherwise you would not ask such a question. That boy is one of the *icoglans* of the seraglio, that is, one of the pages of his highness. He is one of those in the service of the slave Fatima, whom the sultan has appointed governess of the young princess lately born of the sultana Aski; and the jewels which he chooses are, no doubt, for Fatima, or the young princess. At this Salmoni felt no little emotion.

emotion. He reſolved not to let ſlip ſuch an opportunity, which ſeemed ſent him by heaven. He waited till the young icoglan had left the ſhop: then following him at a diſtance, when he ſaw him out of the bazar, he approached him reſpectfully, and ſaid,—Sweet youth! may our heavenly prophet never ceaſe to look on thee with an eye of kindneſs, or ſhed the dew of bleſſing on thy fate. I am a merchant of Romelia, juſt arrived from India. At Ormus I ſaw a relation of the ſtar of the ſeraglio, the ſublime Fatima, who intruſted to me a preſent for her, compoſed of rich jewels: inform me how I ſhall convey it to her; and in the mean time, do me the favour to accept this ſlight mark of my friendſhip.—

At theſe words he took from his girdle an emerald claſp, and preſented it to the icoglan. The youth took it, and replied,—What you aſk is not difficult: I will acquaint Fatima with it: inform me of your name, that ſhe may know to whom ſhe owes this obligation.—My name is not neceſſary, ſaid Salmoni. I have not the preſent about me; it is at my caravanſary; but give her theſe tablets; from them ſhe will diſcover the generous relation who has not forgotten her; and to-morrow, if ſhe will ſend a

ſlave

ſlave to this place, I will deliver to him the jewels.—I will come myſelf, replied the icoglan, and bring you her anſwer. With theſe words he left him.

Salmoni was inconceivably agitated till the return of the icoglan. He did not cloſe his eyes the whole night. It was, indeed, the deciſive moment: the anſwer of Fatima was to be the decree of life or death. Thoſe who have loved truly will eaſily conceive his ſituation. He had found a miſtreſs after a ſeparation of ten years, in queſt of whom he had travelled over all Europe. He had found her—but, perhaps, was on the point of loſing her for ever. The more he knew ſhe was loaded with wealth and honours, the leſs could he hope, that ſhe would quit thoſe enjoyments for a man, whoſe remembrance had, perhaps, long been effaced from her heart. He would then recall to his mind the virtues of Emilia, the vows ſhe had made him; the firmneſs of her principles, and the deep impreſſion which the firſt ſentiments inſpired by love make on the heart. Thus did he paſs by turns from hope to deſpair; and this day was not leſs cruel to him than that which ſeparated him from his miſtreſs.

Nor was Fatima leſs at eaſe. The icoglan

icoglan had carefully acquitted himſelf of his commiſſion. The moment ſhe caſt her eyes on the tablets ſhe knew them. They were a preſent ſhe had formerly made her lover. She was, however, ſufficiently miſtreſs of herſelf to conceal her emotion. The ſeraglio, to whoſe cuſtoms ſhe had long been habituated, had taught her the art of commanding her countenance; ſo that neither the women, the eunuchs, nor the young icoglan, who were preſent, had the leaſt ſuſpicion of what was paſſing in her heart. She wrote a few words in Italian on the tablets, and gave them to the icoglan, ſaying,—As you have promiſed to meet this merchant from Romelia to-morrow, return him theſe tablets; he may intruſt you with the jewels, my receipt is written on one of the leaves. The young page received her commands, and promiſed to execute them punctually.

The ſight of theſe tablets had at once revived in the heart of Fatima a flame that had only been ſmothered. That inſtant the deſire of ſeeing her lover, and quitting the ſeraglio, had taken poſſeſſion of her mind, with a violence capable of making her brave all the dangers awaiting ſuch a deſign.

Salmoni was at the rendezvous long before

before the icoglan. At length the latter presented himself to his impatient eyes.—Here, said he, is a receipt for your jewels; you may deliver them to me; Fatima has given you an order for them. Salmoni gave into his hands a sealed casket; and, burning with desire to see the contents of the tablets, he left the page, after having liberally rewarded him.

The moment he was at liberty, he opened the tablets, and read the following words: "If you be really the man whom those tablets announce, your presence will give me life: there is nothing I would not do to procure an interview with you: my heart has never changed. Do not run any hazard: leave the care of every thing to me. I will give you notice, at a proper time."

It would be difficult to conceive the joy, the transports of Salmoni. Such is the nature of the human heart! a moment of happiness could instantly efface ten years of pain, of misfortune, of fatigue, of grief. He had ventured to inclose in the casket a long letter, acquainting Fatima with all that happened to him, and the place where he lodged at Constantinople. He was now rejoiced at having taken this step. He flattered himself, that the picture of his misfor-

misfortunes would accelerate the motions of his miſtreſs, and prevent her prolonging his ſufferings by too great delay.

One week he paſſed in tolerable tranquillity, without hearing any thing. But when he ſaw a fortnight, a month, two months, elapſed, without the leaſt news of Fatima, then he believed himſelf loſt beyond reſource. The infidelity of his miſtreſs was the leaſt of his ſuſpicions: he fancied, that the icoglan had betrayed them; that, perhaps, Fatima had fallen a victim to his indiſcretion; that ſhe was no more; that he had loſt her for ever. A thouſand times was he tempted to put an end to a life thus cruelly agitated: but hope, that never quits a man but with his laſt breath, held his hand. What ſtill added to his inquietude was his fancying, that he had frequently perceived a man following him. He had a confuſed idea that the perſon of this man was not totally unknown to him, but whenever he attempted to accoſt, or even approach him, he ſhunned him, and avoided his ſight. This conduct could not but diſturb him. If this man had not ſome motive for following him without being diſcovered, would he take ſuch pains to conceal himſelf? Would he not, on the

the contrary, have endeavoured to ſpeak to, and renew his acquaintance with him? It might be ſome ſpy belonging to the ſeraglio, endeavouring to diſcover if he were not the perſon who had been raſh enough to attempt a correſpondence with a ſlave of the grand ſeignor. He left nothing unattempted to ſee the young icoglan again; but in vain. The youth had never appeared ſince. Perhaps he alſo had been puniſhed for accepting the commiſſion. A thouſand terrible apprehenſions ſucceeded each other in his imagination every inſtant.

He was on the point of ſinking under this ſtate of horrible anxiety, when, as he was ſtanding at the gate of the caravanſary, a woman, covered with a veil, joſtled him with her elbow, let fall a letter at his feet, and went on without ſtopping. He picks it up haſtily, ſees theſe words, *For Salmoni*, opens it with tranſport, and reads: "If you be not dead with impatience, be ready on the twenty-fifth of the month Giafar. Procure a veſſel to anchor under the walls of the ſeraglio. Provide yourſelf with a ladder forty feet in length, and a long crook, which you will faſten to what you ſee make its appearance over the wall. At midnight be

be at the foot of the wall, oppoſite the place where you perceive two tall trees riſing far above the others. Your anſwer will be expected to-morrow at the place where you receive this."

He had been on the point of dying with anxiety: he was on the point of loſing his ſenſes at reading this billet. He read it over ten times, wept, laughed, danced, played all the extravagant tricks of which a man deſperately in love, paſſing ſuddenly from the depth of deſpair to the height of joy, is capable. When he became a little calm, he thought of making all the neceſſary preparations. He had no time to loſe: for there were but ſeven days before the time appointed would arrive.

The next day he took care to be at the gate. The ſame woman paſſed him. He held his billet. The woman ſtretched out her hand from under the veil, took the billet, and went on without ſaying a word.

Fatima was extremely afraid, that her long ſilence would have repulſed her lover. She had been no leſs a prey to anxiety than himſelf. The phyſicians of the ſeraglio had preſcribed the country air to Aſki, as neceſſary to the eſtabliſhment of her health. In conſequence of this, ſhe had paſſed near two

two months in a pleaſure houſe of the ſultan, ſituated on the borders of the Dead Sea. She would not let me be ſeparated from her, and Fatima was obliged to follow her. Fortunately the love of Achmet, who could not long ſupport the abſence of Aſki, had recalled her; and the day after her return, Fatima, who would not intruſt the intereſts of her love to any one, ſtole out of the ſeraglio, and it was ſhe who had ſhewn herſelf veiled to Salmoni.

The lover did not loſe a moment. He repaired to Pera * to hire a light veſſel. Knowing that the French are naturally more enterprizing than any other nation; that their word, when they have once pledged it, may be relied on; that they are even more adroit in taking the ſteps neceſſary to crown an enterprize with ſucceſs, than intrepid in a *coup de main*; and that they unite coolneſs amidſt danger, to the forwardneſs of courage, he gave the preference to one of that nation. He engaged with a young captain from Dieppe, who was maſter of a ſmall veſſel belonging to Bayonne, carrying only four ſailors, on whoſe fidelity and reſolution he could rely. The ſimilarity of their characters ſoon form-

* A ſuburb of Conſtantinople, where the Chriſtians uſually reſide.

ed

ed a friendſhip between them; which Salmoni ſtrengthened by a magnificent preſent, and the promiſe of a liberal recompence when they arrived at Genoa. He made no ſecret to him of the buſineſs being to carry off a miſtreſs; and the Frenchman, who poſſeſſed that frankneſs which is natural to his countrymen, was ſtill more ſenſible of this mark of confidence, than of the flattering promiſes of his young friend. To prevent ſuſpicion, he took upon himſelf to procure the ladder and the crook; and every thing was conducted with ſuch diligence, that the ſixth day, in the evening, the veſſel anchored at the place appointed.

Fatima had been no leſs active on her part. The women of the ſeraglio had, for their amuſement, procured a ſwing to be hung between the two trees mentioned in the letter. Fatima intended to profit by this. As her power was very great, ſhe had eaſily obtained of the *boſtangi bachi* to have the ſwing raiſed much higher than it had been, in order, as ſhe pretended, to enjoy the grand proſpect of Conſtantinople, appearing at a diſtance like an amphitheatre. But this was merely a pretext. She imagined that this ſwing, elevated above the garden wall, would contribute to her de-

liverance. A ladder was neceſſary to aſcend the ſwing, which was eaſily diſengaged when the perſon was ſeated. The motion given to the ſwing readily carried it beyond the wall: the crook, which Salmoni was to procure, would faſten to one of the arms of the ſwing, and thus fix it till ſhe had deſcended by means of the ladder, which he was alſo to procure. This ſcheme pleaſed her the more, as it left no trace of her flight.

CHAP. IV.

Emilia's eſcape from the Seraglio.—Steals the daughter of Achmet.

AT length the eve of the day fixed for her departure arrived. Hitherto the idea of taking me with her had never entered her mind. In the evening ſhe went with ſome others of the women to amuſe herſelf with the ſwing. She obſerved the little veſſel, and made no doubt but that it was intended for her.

She

She returned to the ſeraglio. She had long been accuſtomed to diſmiſs the ſlaves that waited on her at nine o'clock. She ſhut herſelf up with me in her apartment: it was on the ground floor: the windows looked into the garden; and as it formed the end of the building, the halls that were before it, in which the eunuchs kept watch, did not command a view of this garden. All theſe circumſtances contributed to facilitate her project.

I was then ſix months old, and Fatima was tenderly attached to me. When ſhe reflected, that ſhe was going to be ſeparated from me, ſhe could not avoid feeling an emotion, that abated the happineſs ſhe promiſed herſelf. The innocent careſſes of infancy have a ſeducing charm. Fatima loved me as if I were her own child; and the certainty that ſhe ſhould never ſee me again, was infinitely diſtreſſing to a heart naturally replete with tenderneſs.

I have ſaid, that ſhe had preſerved a ſincere attachment to religion. Surrounded by Mahometiſm, ſhe had preſerved herſelf from the ſnare; and performed, in ſecret, but with ſtrictneſs, the duties of her faith. She had one thoſe pious toys, called, in Italy, roſes, which ſhe had the art to conceal.

When ſhe was alone, ſhe recited, with devotion, the prayers it preſcribes.

This evening, the moment ſhe was at liberty, ſhe placed herſelf on her knees, as uſual, before my cradle. Embracing me, with a torrent of tears, dear unfortunate child, ſaid ſhe, it is but to-morrow when I am to quit thee for ever. There will be one in the world who will have loved thee with the utmoſt tenderneſs, of whom thou wilt not preſerve even the ſlighteſt remembrance. Never ſhall I hear thy name without tears, whilſt mine will be heard by thee with the utmoſt indifference. O God! whom I adore! ſhower down thy bleſſings on her head; and if ſhe be unhappily born in a faith which thou rejecteſt, inſpire into her heart ſuch virtues, that, at the dreadful day of judgment, ſhe may find grace before the throne of thy mercy!

Fatima, continuing her prayer, added thoſe preſcribed by her roſary, and, leaning over my cradle, mingled the tears of affection with the fervour of devotion. During this time my little hands were playing with her roſary, and, by a natural movement, I carried to my lips the crucifix which hung to it. This movement was a ray of light to Fatima. What! cowardly Chriſtian that am!

am! exclaimed ſhe, the fate of this infant is in my hands; it is in my power to ſnatch her out of the jaws of idolalatry, and place her in the lap of truth, and I fear to attempt it! To neglect it would be a crime, and I ſhould bring upon myſelf the puniſhment it would deſerve. O, great God! thou haſt juſt led innocence itſelf to adore thee: and I, to whom reaſon ought to ſhow all the extent of thy rights, ſhould I refuſe to be the inſtrument of thy auguſt deſigns, I ſhould deſerve to be for ever purſued by thy vengeance, and to be buried in the waves of the ſea, to which I am juſt going to intruſt myſelf. No, I will obey thee, O my God! I will guide this infant into the boſom of thy church; I will teach her to know the light of thy truth; nor will I be the guilty deſtroyer of a ſoul which juſtice placed in the hands of a mortal for the wiſeſt purpoſes. Why, indeed, ſhall I deprive her? Of what vain empty grandeur, which vaniſhes like a miſt in the morning: of the affections of conſanguinity, faint ſhadows of thy paternal goodneſs: of the dwelling of pleaſures, that, under the maſk of happineſs, ſerve only to poiſon the cup of life: of thoſe afflictions, perhaps, that wound the ſoul, from which it receives no advantage to com-

penſate its pangs, when its views are not directed towards thee. Ought theſe conſiderations to prevent my purpoſe?—My own dangers ſpeak ſtill more faintly to me. Thy grace, O God! will ſerve me as an Ægis; and when her parents ſhall demand of me, at the foot of thy throne, an account of the truſt committed to my charge, I will ſhew them the God of the univerſe, covering her with his immortal glory, and will ſay to them, Dare to accuſe me now!

Theſe reflections occupied the mind of Fatima all the night, and confirmed her in the reſolution of making me the companion of her flight. Whilſt ſhe thought of her own eſcape only, the care of her fortune was unheeded; but the moment ſhe determined on taking me away, brought other duties to her mind. It was not poſſible that my birth ſhould always remain concealed: ſhe ought, at leaſt, to ſet me above indigence, and put me in a ſituation not to be compelled to have recourſe to the aſſiſtance of ſtrangers. With this view ſhe collected all her jewels; and all thoſe which the muſſulman magnificence had laviſhed on me at my birth. For theſe ſhe might expect above a million (near 50,000 ſterling) on her arrival in Europe, which would be ſuffici-

ſufficient to place me out of the reach of want.

I will not inquire whether the zeal of Fatima [illegible] er too far, or were ſtrictly [illegible] e bounds of equity; but [illegible] iſtoniſhing courage we der[illegible] Chriſtian religion. The m[illegible] ortures would have attende[illegible] diſcovery of ſuch a project. Fatima [illegible] ot be ignorant of this; yet a [illegible] woman, without advice, without aſſiſtance, without a confidant, withou[illegible] rotector, has the courage to brave [illegible] nger, meditates on it with tranqu[illegible] and forms her reſolution with ch[illegible]fulneſs. Surely this is beyond t[illegible] ver of nature! nor did ſhe wrong [illegible] That religion has amply recom[illegible] my loſſes, and has ſpoken to my [illegible] with ſuch energy, as to make me bleſs the hand which took me from a[illegible] that man conſiders as the ſource of hap[illegible]neſs.

Fatima did not forget the fetfa, with which the ſultans cover their children at the [illegible]th, and which is the ſacred and a[illegible]tic proof of their high deſcent. [illegible] is a large piece of yellow [illegible] on which the names of the ſul[illegible] mother, and the child, the day n[illegible] of its birth, various paſſages of the Alcoran, prayers to Mahomet,

&c. are embroidered in letters of go.. All muſſulmen are obliged to proſtrate themſelves at the ſight of this ſetfa, and defend, with their lives, the perſon who poſſeſſes it. We ſhall ſee hereafter, that it preſerved me from, perhaps, the moſt imminent danger to which I was ever expoſed.

At length the ſo much wiſhed for evening arrived. Fatima diſmiſſed her attendants at an early hour, as uſual. When ſhe was alone, ſhe wrapped me up very carefully to defend e from the evening air. She had en the precaution to give me a doſe opium, the uſe of which is common in the eaſt, leſt the motion, or interruption of my ſleep, ſhould make me cry. This occaſioned me to ſleep ſoundly. When ſhe heard the minarets proclaim ten o'clock, ſhe opened ſoftly one of the windows, that faced the garden. She had taken care to extinguiſh the light in her apartment, leſt it ſhould attract the attention of any one without. Yet a kind of diſmay, not to be overcome in thoſe moments, in which we are, as it were, between life and death; the approach of danger, which always ſeems greater as it is more nigh; the darkneſs of the night, which fills our minds with phantoms, whilſt it is our

ſafe

safe guard; silence, the son of terror, who promises to lull the attention of an Argus, whilst he is favourable to it; all united to agitate her mind. She was on th point of sinking; a few drops of a. co[illegible] elixir recalled her fainting soul. hour approached. Collecting a courage, she took me from my c[illegible]. Falling on her knees, and lifting me up towards heaven, O God! said she, this is thy work; protect her with thy omnipotent arm, and give me strength to accomplish my purpose! and thou, appy child, reproach me not hereafter with what I do for thee; and if Providence will that thou sink under the dangers to which I am about to expose , carry at least to the grave that sacred character, which purifying the i ims its reward! At these words, slightly sprinkling my forehead with water, Maria Cecilia, said she, I baptize thee in the name of the heavenly T inity. Then, making a last attemp e leaped from the window, and f . . swiftly across the garden.

The place appointed was at some distance from her apartment. She stopped few moments in some arbours, near trees from which the swing was suspended, to take breath. The weather was clear and serene: the moon began

to appear above the horizon, and caſt a faint light, heightening the grandeur of the face of nature, always majeſtic in the ſtillneſs of night. Fatima liſtened with attention; and the profound ſilence, that reigned around, left her no room to doubt her flight's being undiſcovered. At length, a little encouraged from this reflection, ſhe approached the two tall trees, ſole and ſecret witneſſes of her bold enterpriſe.

When ſhe was at the foot of the ladder, by which ſhe was to mount up to the ſwing, her embarraſſment was extreme. An unforeſeen circumſtance was very near diſconcerting her ſcheme. The ladder was perpendicular. The ſwing, naturally moveable, rendered the ladder equally ſo, and both hands were of courſe neceſſary to aſcend it. I was in her arms: how, then, could ſhe aſcend the ladder? A few minutes, that paſſed during this perplexity, were, as ſhe has ſince told me, the moſt cruel of her life; nor could ſhe conceive how ſhe ſurvived the agony ſhe then felt. But it is in great extremities that invention comes to our aſſiſtance. She took off a ſcarf, which ſhe wore. Paſſing it over and under my arms, ſhe placed me on her back; then bringing the two ends of the ſcarf over my ſhoulders, and croſſing them on her breaſt,

breaſt, ſhe paſſed them round my legs, and tied them faſt before. Thus having both her hands at liberty, ſhe reached the top of the ladder, though with extreme difficulty; for, being perpendicular and moveable, the weight, which ſhe carried on her ſhoulders, frequently throwing her backwards, very near occaſioned her falling.

When ſhe was ſeated on the ſwing, ſhe did not ſtay to unlooſe me; but diſengaging the ladder, ſhe took care to carry it gently againſt the wall, by a ſlight motion of the ſwing, leſt its noiſe, in falling, ſhould alarm the Janiſſaries, who frequently watch without the walls of the ſeraglio. Reſting a moment to calm the agitation into which the laſt difficulty had thrown her, ſhe caſt her eyes towards the ſeraglio, the immenſe extent of which was, in this ſituation, open to her view. The profound ſtillneſs there convinced her, that her flight was unſuſpected. At a diſtance ſhe perceived light in the windows of Aſki. At that inſtant the kindneſſes of the ſultana, and the enormity of the theft ſhe was committing, flaſhed on her mind with their full force. Theſe cutting reflections almoſt annihilated her reſolution. Tears guſhed from her eyes, and ſhe was on the point of relinquiſhing her deſign. But love and religion

gion conquered, and giving a ſtrong motion to the ſwing, it was ſoon perceived by thoſe who waited without. At the ſecond motion the ready crook ſeized one of its arms; the other end was inſtantly fixed to ſome iron hooks, that had been driven into the outſide of the wall; the ladder was placed, and Fatima was on the ſhore in a moment.

A man, wrapped in a grey cloak, that came down to his feet, whoſe face was concealed by a large hat, received her in his arms. Fatima, eſcaped ſafe from the midſt of ſo many dangers, thinking it to be Salmoni, hung on his neck, and giving way to the firſt tranſports of joy, preſt him tenderly in her arms. Let us loſe no time, ſaid the man to her in Italian, in a low voice; we will preſently give way to our tranſports: let us make our eſcape; we may be ſurprized; we have but a ſtep to the boat; you ſee there the ſailors waiting for me.

Fatima prepared to follow him, and was leaning on his arm to aſſiſt her ſteps, when a man running with all his ſpeed, joined them. Traitor! cried he, and inſtantly plunged a poniard, which he held in his hand, up to the hilt, in the boſom of that man who was with Fatima. In his haſte, the poniard ſlightly wounded me in the neck: the pain awoke me, and

and I gave a faint cry. The aſſaſſin then ran off; and Fatima fell ſenſeleſs near her guide, who lay dead on the ſpot, weltering in his blood.

The French captain and his ſailors, who were at hand, ran up. The light of the moon being then ſufficient to diſtinguiſh objects, the captain lifted up the hat of the murdered man, and, perceiving that it was not his friend, left him on the ſhore, and cauſed Fatima and me to be immediately conveyed on board. As ſoon as we were in the veſſel, perceiving at a diſtance ſome flambeaux, that ſeemed approaching, and fearing the appearance of a dead body would give riſe to ſome ſuſpicions, he cut his cable, and put to ſea immediately. A breeze ſetting off from the land, we, in a few hours, loſt ſight of Conſtantinople.

CHAP. V.

Arrival —Baptiſm of Maria Cecilia.

THE firſt care of the captain was to dreſs my wound. He then beſtowed his attention on Fatima, who was, at length, recalled to life. Where am I? ſaid

ſaid ſhe. And my child, where is it? They gave me into her arms, and that ſeemed a little to revive her. All is not loſt then! but O unfortunate Salmoni! was this to be the reward of thy love? Quiet yourſelf, madam, ſaid the captain, we are far enough from Conſtantinople to have nothing to fear: were they to diſpatch a veſſel after us, I defy the beſt ſailer they have to come up with us. I can add ſomething too, which I believe, will be ſtill more pleaſing: if your tears flow for the death of Salmoni, I can anſwer for his being alive, and that you have nothing to fear on that head. Ah! do not endeavour to flatter my grief, replied ſhe: I ſaw him fall dead at my feet; and the hand, that gave the wound, was too ſure, to leave me any hopes.—There is a myſtery, ſaid the captain, which I cannot explain; but the truth is, that the man who was murdered by your ſide was not Salmoni.—O God! Salmoni is alive! who then was that man?—I know not; but, however, it is very fortunate, that we were before the time appointed; for if we had waited till midnight, according to the order we received, you would have been loſt. —What ſay you? midnight! Salmoni's billet ſaid eleven o'clock: here it is. She preſented it to the captain: they examined

amined it with care, and perceived a circumſtance, which had hitherto eſcaped the notice of Fatima; the word *midnight* had been eraſed, and *eleven at night* ſubſtituted in its place by another hand.

This myſtery completed the agitation of Fatima's mind. She learnt, it is true, that her lover was alive; but ſhe painted him to herſelf arriving at midnight, his aſtoniſhment, his deſpair, expoſed to the greateſt dangers, perhaps ſuſpected, known, ſeized, and condemned to death, for having favoured her flight, rendered ſtill more criminal by taking me away. It was decreed by fate, that ſhe ſhould die in ignorance of the ſecret movements which produced this event; and that I ſhould diſcover them near thirty years afterwards.

We had a good paſſage, and arrived at Genoa ten days after we left Conſtantinople. The firſt care of Fatima was to inquire after her father. She learnt, that he was ſtill living, notwithſtanding the grief which had continually preyed on his mind ſince the loſs of his daughter. Unable to reſtrain her impatience, ſhe took a carriage inſtantly to convey her into the country, whither her father had retired immediately after the unfortunate event which had torn her from him

him. On her arrival, fearing that the ſudden joy might be fatal to him, ſhe announced herſelf as a ſtranger, who had brought news of his daughter. But nature, ſeldom the dupe of ſuch precautions, ſpoke too ſtrongly to the father's heart. Ah! my daughter, my dear daughter! cried he, flying to meet her, and claſping her in his arms. In ſuch a moment, what tranſports, tears, tender ſenſations, broken words, and interrupted queſtions, are mingled together! at ſuch a time the goodneſs of the heart may be diſcovered in the exceſs of its diſorder; all its plies are unfolded; and we muſt at leaſt conſider him, who can calmly ſupport ſuch a criſis of nature, or behold ſuch a ſcene unmoved, as an unfeeling ſtoic, if we do not ſuſpect his virtue.

My preſence, however, allayed the joy of the good old man. Haſt thou then forgotten, ſaid he to his daughter, what thy love to Salmoni, the reſpect due to thy father, and thy holy religion, required of thee? And haſt thou formed ties offenſive to all theſe? To remove his ſuſpicions, ſhe related immediately all that had happened to her, all ſhe knew of Salmoni, her eſcape from the ſeraglio, the tragic ſcene that followed, and laſtly my noble birth, and her zeal for

for Chriſtianity, which had induced her to carry me off.

The father, ſatisfied with this explanation, praiſed his daughter's courage. They a[illegible] however, to conceal the laſt ci[illegible]nitat [illegible]m the public for ſome time, leſt the Ottoman Porte ſhould take any means with the different European courts to find me: as it was to be feared, that, political intereſt having greater weight with them than the ſalvation of my ſoul, they would take me from the arms of her who had run ſo many d[illegible] n my account.

The [illegible]s of Emilia, to whom I ſhall henceforth give no other name, and thoſe of Salmoni, ſoon arrived. The tranſports of joy were renewed, and tears again began to flow. The uncertainty of Salmoni's fate diſturbed the pleaſure of Emilia's return. Her heart felt it moſt ſeverely. What was ſhe to think of the man, who received her in his arm[illegible] the foot of the ladder, and was no[illegible]lmoni? Was it this unfortunate lov[illegible], in a tranſport of rage, ſtabbed that man? If ſo, ſhe muſt appear unfaithful in the eyes of the man ſhe [illegible]nd this idea drove her to diſ[illegible]n She could more eaſily have [illegible]moni's inconſtancy than this [illegible]ition; for to love a man to the utmoſt,

moſt, to have ſacrificed every thing to prove that love, and yet, though innocent, to forfeit his eſteem, is, perhaps, the moſt inſupportable of all tortures to a heart poſſeſſed of virtue and ſenſibility. We mourn the inconſtancy or coolneſs of a lover, but we conſole ourſelves, becauſe to pleaſe is not always in our power: but we may command eſteem, and, if we forfeit that, it muſt be our own fault.

Different veſſels going to Conſtantinople, were charged to inquire privately after Salmoni, but their inquiries were in vain; and Emilia ſorrowing hoped from Providence the unfolding of a myſtery, which it alone could diſcloſe. All her tenderneſs was turned towards me, and centered, as it were, in me alone. She had liberally rewarded the French captain; and, thus acquitted of her debt to him, my education took up all her attention.

Her firſt care was to procure me the ceremonies of baptiſm, which ſhe had adminiſtered to me as well as ſhe was able, on quitting the ſeraglio. As ſhe and her father were agreed on the ſecreſy neceſſary to be preſerved at that time, ſhe went to the rector of St. Eulalie, at Genoa, and, after having reconciled herſelf to the church, ſhe diſcloſed my

my ſtory to that gentleman. He approved the cautions which had been taken; at the ſame time pointing out the neceſſity of baptiſing me by the name of my parents, as an inconteſtable proof of my birth, in caſe my title ſhould in future be diſputed.

It was agreed, that the world ſhould be left to ſuppoſe, that I was the daughter of a Turk of rank, whoſe parents were dead; and Emilia, who was my governeſs, brought me into Italy, rather than leave me in a *hamlet* in Turkey, in which I might have died of neglect, as they pleaſed, at ſo tender an age. The rector imparted the ſecret only to my ſponſors, whom, on account of my rank, he took care to chooſe amongſt the firſt rank of the citizens of Genoa. The one was a ſenator of the houſe of Doria, the other a nobleſs of the illuſtrious houſe of Pamphili, on whoſe piety and diſcretion he could rely.

The ceremony was celebrated with all the pomp and dignity of which ſo auguſt a ſacrament is worthy, in the preſence of an immenſe concourſe of people, drawn together by ſo uncommon a circumſtance. The cannons of the citadel, ramparts, and port of Genoa, proclaimed it by frequent diſcharges,

charges, during the whole day. The republic diſputed with my ſponſors the honour of the expence. As ſoon as the night arrived, the whole city was illuminated. At nine o'clock the doge, and all his court, the foreign miniſters, the ſenate, the different orders of the ſtate, and all the people, repaired to the church, which was illuminated up to the cieling by an innumerable quantity of wax candles. Immediately after the godfather and godmother arrived at the church, attended by all their families, who endeavoured, by their number and magnificence, to heighten the ſplendour of the day. Getting out of their chairs at a little diſtance from the porch, they advanced towards the ſteps of the church, amidſt the firing of muſquetry. Emilia, dreſſed after the Turkiſh manner, in all the pomp of Aſiatic magnificence, walked between them, carrying me in her arms. The rector, cloathed in all the ornaments of the prieſthood, and preceded by his clergy, came to meet them without the periſtyle. The dignity of his appearance induced a profound ſilence. Taking me in his arms, he aſcended the ſteps of the porch, and turning towards the people, ſaid, Fellow Chriſtians let us pray to that God whom we worſhip, the God

God who created the earth and the ſea, the one only God of the univerſe, to open the gates of mercy to this infant, whom he has deigned to call to the light of his truth by ſuch wonderful ways; and to grant that her heart may ever be filled with th[illegible]irtues, which the healing waters [illegible]ptiſm are about to pour on her ſoul. On his re-entering the church, a numerous orcheſtra performed an oratorio, the ſubject of which was the ſaving of Moſes by Pharaoh's daughter. During thi[illegible]e the baptiſmal ceremony was per[illegible]ed; and I received the name of Maria Cecilia, which Emilia had given me, or rather it was confirmed to me. A g[illegible]arge of all the artillery [illegible], religious feſtival, and the [illegible]nate, laying their hands [illegible] my forehead ſwore to be my protectors till death.

CHAP. VI.

Her education.—Adventure at a Convent.

EMILIA, having thus diſcharged the firſt duties ſhe owed me, turned in- money all the jewels which ſ[illegible]ought from Conſtantinople. Wi[illegible]th

the greater part of this ſhe purchaſed an annuity on my life; another part ſhe laid by, leſt circumſtances ſhould oblige me to travel; and with the remainder ſhe ſecured a moderate income to herſelf, to place herſelf out of the reach of my ingratitude, if, at an advanced age, I ſhould be capable of abandoning her.

She then gave herſelf up intirely to the care of my education. My firſt years were paſſed in her arms: I loved her as a mother; I called her by that name; and ſhe beſtowed on me the tender title of daughter. I muſt do her the juſtice to avow, that, though ſhe fondly loved me, it was not a blind fondneſs: it was temp[illegible] by a prudent ſeverity, which plante[illegible] my boſom the ſeeds of virtue. Reaſon dictated and accompanied her moſt trifling leſſons. She always endeavoured to conquer and eradicate a kind of haughtineſs that was natural to me. She pointed out to me the difference between that which ariſes from dignity of ſentiment in a woman, and which is a virtue, and that which ſprings from a miſtaken and contemptible pride, which is a vice. The imperious voice of noble blood awakened in me this haughtineſs, of which, thanks to Emilia, I have preſerved only ſufficient to command reſpect: but, it may be

be preſumed, had I been educated in the palace of my anceſtors, ſurrounded with ſlaves and flatterers, this haughtineſs would have been a blot in that character, whoſe luſtre it has now ſerved only to heighten.

Emilia, looking forward, ſaw that I could not always remain concealed; but that curioſity, policy, or other motives, would come to ſeek me in my retreat, and force me to appear on the ſtage of the world. She took care, therefore, that I ſhould learn the different languages of Europe; and, at ſeven years old, I could ſpeak French, German, and Italian, tolerably well. Emilia often converſed with me in the Turkiſh language; and, whether it were owing to nature, or the diſpoſition of my organs, I learnt that tongue with a ſingular facility. I am led to believe, that philoſophers have not ſufficiently attended to thoſe tints of birth and country in the human frame, or endeavoured to diſcover the rank and nation of people from their inclinations and diſpoſitions. The chain would be difficult, perhaps, to ſeize; as the paſſions, which are natives of every climate, would tend to conceal many links; but theſe tints would, no doubt, be moſt ſtrong, and moſt eaſily diſcoverable in infancy, when we a

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the leaſt removed from nature. The haughtineſs of my diſpoſition, and the ideas of my mind, would have betrayed my ſecret.

The gentleneſs of Emilia's precepts was occaſionally mixed with a kind of auſterity. I ſometimes ſtubbornly refuſed obedience to what ſhe required of me: this led her to endeavour to diſcover what would make an impreſſion on me; and, unhappily, they who have the care of children, are not always ſufficiently cautious of the means they employ. The moſt trifling things produce ſurpriſing effects on the infantile mind, and leave traces never to be effaced. Theſe, it is true, at a more advanced age, are but phantoms which reaſon combats; but does reaſon always come off victorious? Even if ſhe do, the victory is ſeldom without pain; and thus imprudent tutors procure laſting trouble to their pupils.

A very old, tall, meagre man, with an enormous long, buſhy, white beard, whom Emilia's father kept out of charity, by chance met me: I was frightened at the ſight of him. One day, as I was refuſing to obey Emilia in ſomething, ſhe inconſiderately threatened me with this old man: fear made me comply. The ſame means were frequently

quently employed with ſucceſs; and, to have greater effect, the reality was joined to the threat. The old man appeared before me without ſpeaking a word: he looked at me a moment with eyes that then appeared to me dreadful; and when my terror was excited ſo far, that Emilia thought my ſpirit ſubdued, this kind of ſpectre retired.

The cruel impreſſion left on my mind by this mode of correction is incredible. I retain an involuntary terror at the unexpected appearance of an old man; and thus have been driven almoſt to hate the moſt beautiful ſight in nature. Yes, I repeat it, the moſt beautiful ſight in nature, the majeſtic beauty of old age, when heightened by the ſplendour of virtue. What a ſource of reflection, what a noble leſſon, is the ſight of an old man! at his appearance let the mind meaſure the ſpan of life: what is it but a point between the cradle and the tomb? And this point, what does it exhibit? Paſſion at variance with virtue. If virtue have not been triumphant, this point evaniſhes: the cradle touches the grave, it is as if we had never been.

relate this anecdote of my infancy, y to give an idea of the caution we ght to uſe with reſpect to the impreſ- ns we make on the mind in ſo tender

an age. Pusillanimity, insensibility, credulity, weak antipathies, and, perhaps, a crowd of physical evils, whose cure is out of the reach of art, as their source is out of the ken of observation, spring from no other source. I dare assert, that humanity does not sufficiently preside over our care of infancy, and that the pride of the master too often usurps the place of sensibility, both in his instructions, and in his mode of instructing.

This fault is, perhaps, the only one with which I can reproach Fatima. I now drew near my tenth year. I already displayed signs of that beauty, which rare, but frivolous, advantage, gives happiness to so many women; but, I am persuaded, only diminished mine. Had I been less handsome, I should have equally fixed the heart of a deserving man, who would have loved only me. Possessed of every attractive charm, I had many admirers, who loved only themselves. I have learnt, that beauty, of which women are so desirous, is but a thick veil, concealing from them the hearts of their lovers.

Emilia now thought of placing me in a convent, to prepare me for the last mystery which consecrates us totally to the Christian religion. She chose the Benedictines, with whom she herself had received

received her education; and the purity of whoſe manners, and ſolidity of whoſe principles, are every where juſtly praiſed. Unwilling to quit me, ſhe accompanied me in my retreat. She thought the ſecret of my birth a confidence due to the abbeſs. In ſpite of the injunctions, with which it was intruſted to her, the abbeſs could not avoid imparting it to ſome friends of her heart: theſe did the ſame to others; and in one day, there was not a ſoul in the convent, from the director down to the loweſt *tourriere*, who did not know that the daughter of a Turkiſh emperor was within their walls. I will leave the reader to judge of the aſtoniſhing work this made in our retreat. The daughter of a Turk! ſays one; how can the daughter of a Turk have ſuch fine eyes? Is it not true, my ſweet angel, ſays another to me, that they eat men in your country? One was wondering at my mouth, another at my ſhape, which were juſt like thoſe of Europeans. Here, was a debate whether it were decent to keep me, as I was not the offspring of a lawful marriage: there, mother St. Agnes was exclaiming againſt the archbiſhop of my country, for ſuffering my father to lead ſuch a licentious life: and mother St. Moſte, who had been ſhut up in the con-

vent for fifty years, could not conceive how a Turk could be barbarous enough to keep women confined. I ſtood ſtupified at this curious converſation, whilſt mother de l'Humilité was recollecting how many daughters of ſovereigns had reſided in the houſe ſince its foundation.

This indiſcretion, of which Emilia was not aware, deranged a little the plan ſhe had formed of concealing my birth till I ſhould arrive at years of diſcretion: at the ſame time it overturned all my ideas, by teaching me, that I was not her daughter. This diſcovery I own afflicted me. We know no want in youth but that of an innocent affection: we liſten only to the tender ſentiments of the heart: we are contented with the happineſs we poſſeſs, nor have we acquired the unfortunate power of creating imaginary ones. Emilia, who eaſily perceived the ſituation of my mind, conſoled me with the moſt tender careſſes. Of what conſequence is it, ſays ſhe, whether I be really your mother or not, if I have for you the affection of one, and you never knew another? The fear of our being ſome day ſeparated afflicts you, my dear child; a fear moſt pleaſing to me. But make yourſelf eaſy; death alone ſhall ſeparate us. You have

have reaſon, nor are you ignorant. Have I not ſhown you in the hiſtory of the Romans, whom you ſo much admire, that thoſe conquerors of the world were accuſtomed to adopt the children of others, and transfer to them that affection which they would have felt for their own? I have done the ſame: you are my child by adoption. Do you complain of my attachment? If you ſuppoſe a mother would feel a greater, you deceive yourſelf. Dry up your tears, then, or I ſhall ſuppoſe that Cecilia no longer loves me; that ſhe is deſirous of quitting me to find another parent.

How many ſimple and innocent careſſes did I employ to remove that ſuſpicion, which ſhe artfully let me ſee only to prevent queſtions that ſhe wiſhed yet to elude! She was deſirous, and not without reaſon, that my education ſhould be finiſhed before the veil was removed, which concealed me from myſelf: ſhe knew too well, that the pride of greatneſs often ſtifles the beſt diſpoſition.

During three years ſpent in this retreat, I learnt, both by precept and example, all the ſolidity of the Chriſtian virtues: I acquired thoſe agreeable talents, which are ſo neceſſary in the world: my mind was poliſhed by the ſo-

ciety I kept; I knew the art of making myself beloved, and the neceſſity of being amiable. The boarders enjoyed a decent liberty, and were indulged in all thoſe pleaſures that are reconcileable with purity of manners. At one time they all mixed together in ſome innocent play; at another they divided into ſeparate companies, for converſation or entertainments. Sometimes a nun would be preſent at, and take part in, their recreations, which, whilſt ſhe watched over them, ſhe would frequently render more agreeable. I never entered into any of theſe diverſions without Emilia; and ſhe, with an infinite complaiſance, would frequently endeavour to procure me amuſements, that could not but be very inſipid to a mind wholly filled with a deep-rooted paſſion: for ſuch was hers for Salvani; notwithſtanding thirteen years of abſence.

I cannot avoid relating a pleaſant adventure, which happened to us in one of theſe parties. Amuſing the reader is, perhaps, leſs my motive, than to guard the public againſt lending an ear to ſcandalous reports, when they relate to perſons, whoſe ſituation and manners ſeem to render them leſs obnoxious to ſuſpicion. If the tale I am about to recite, had got abroad into the world, in what colours

colours would it have been painted? and yet it arose from the most innocent circumstances.

Amongst the connexions I had formed, I was particularly intimate with a young Genoese boarder, a girl of quality, born to a considerable fortune. Her apartment was situated at the extremity of one of the wings of the convent. A window in her closet looked into the street; but being extremely lofty, prevented any suspicion of a communication from without.

In this apartment we were assembled, far from all eyes, and out of the reach of scandal. This Genoese, three or four other boarders, I, Emilia, and some agreeable nuns, composed our little society. We permitted ourselves sometimes to exceed the usual hour of retiring, particularly when a collation was intended: to this we had the abbess's consent. That estimable woman possessed of the greatest piety, had none of that rigorous scrupulosity, which often springs from hypocrisy than true devotion. She knew, that youth has need of some recreations to make its duties pleasing. Such a day, or such an hour, did not make these recreations more criminal in her eyes, and whilst propriety presided at them, they had easily her assent.

ſent. Too wiſe, however, not to reſpect eſtabliſhed prejudices, ſhe exacted the ſtricteſt ſecreſy on theſe innocent parties, and particularly, that we ſhould require no ſervice from the domeſtics of the convent, that could lead to ſuſpicion.

My companion had a brother, who loved her tenderly, and frequently viſited her in the *parlor*. She had acquainted him with our little aſſemblies, and the embarraſſment we were under to procure refreſhments after the hour of retiring to reſt. To remedy this inconvenience, he directed a paſtry-cook, near the houſe, whom he well paid, to furniſh his ſiſter with what ſhe might want on theſe occaſions: and that the paſtry-cook might know on what days his ſervices would be required, it was agreed that a certain ſignal ſhould be placed in the window of the cloſet, which I have mentioned. He had orders to give a look out every day, and when he perceived the ſignal to attend to it. At the hour appointed, uſually nine or ten in the evening, a baſket was let down from the window by means of a cord, and the paſtry-cook filled it with various things proper for an entertainment. The baſket was drawn up, and the little party thus celebrated its nocturnal feaſts, without ſcandal, and without indiſcretion.

Hitherto

Hitherto no accident had interrupted our ſecurity. The carnival was approaching, and we flattered ourſelves with the expectation of paſſing our time agreeably. On an evening appointed, the abbeſs being previouſly acquainted with it, we were aſſembled in this apartment. A tranquil joy reigned amongſt us; and we had promiſed ourſelves not to ſeparate till ſleep obliged us. A comfortable fire, a table neatly ſpread, delicious liquors ſparkling in the glaſſes, bons mots, and ſallies of wit, beginning to circulate, every thing, in ſhort, promiſed us a delightful evening. The hour for letting down the baſket arrived, we ran to the window, opened it merrily, and ſent down our wicker purveyor, wiſhing him a ſafe return. When we ſuppoſed him loaded, we drew him up: he appeared more heavy than uſual; we praiſed the kind paſtry-cook, who, thanks to the carnival, had ſurpaſſed himſelf. The deſired handle appeared; each ſeized it; each wiſhed to have the honour of conveying the charge in triumph to the fire ſide. Eagerly uncovering it, what was the firſt object that met our eyes? Heavens! an infant, that appeared to have been born in the courſe of the day. Never did Meduſa's head work a more inſtantaneous effect: we were all

transformed into ſo many ſtatues! the nuns felt ſtill more than we the danger of ſuch an adventure, and the conſequences it might produce, of which ridicule was the leaſt to be feared.

The long aſtoniſhment into which we were thrown, wore off by degrees, and ſpeech gradually returned. O heavens! what ſhall we do? What will become of us? were the firſt words that iſſued from every mouth. One was in deſpair, another wept; ſome were for running away; others, who were wiſer, laughed at the adventure.

In the mean while my companion, who was not eaſily diſconcerted, had taken the child out of the baſket, placed it on a ſopha, and without being noticed in the midſt of our confuſion, had returned to the window, again let down the baſket, and, on a ſudden, made her appearance with the proviſions. This ſight revived our courage, and a few glaſſes of wine opened all our mouths. Twenty different ſchemes were propoſed, and ſtill the laſt the wildeſt. Whilſt all ſpoke at once, there was none to attend.

At laſt Emilia, who hitherto had not uttered a word, opened her mouth, and every one was ſilent to liſten to her. What are we all frightened at? ſaid ſhe

If we had any thing to reproach ourſelves with, it would be excuſeable; but nothing is more innocent than this accident. This trifling adventure, ladies, ought to be a leſſon to you, and to teach you, that, in every circumſtance of life, which oppoſes our deſires, or exhibits appearances unfavourable to us, we ought calmly to face the ſtorm, particularly when our conſcience does not reproach us, and we have not our own imprudence to condemn. No misfortune ought to diſturb our tranquillity, eſpecially if we would preſerve that preſence of mind neceſſary to remedy it. The wiſeſt ſtep we can take is to go to the abbeſs: we know the rectitude of her heart, and we are ſure of her eſteem: to relate to her ingenuouſly what has happened: to rely on her prudence to repair our misfortune; and not to be reſtrained by the ſhame of confeſſing what would be uſeleſs to attempt to conceal; an attempt which would expoſe us to ſuſpicions that our innocence would render more painful.

Emilia immediately took a candle, and went ſoftly to the apartment of the beſs; whom ſhe requeſted to come to without acquainting her with the ſon. In a few moments they arrived ether. Emilia then related what had hap-

happened, and the fears that had ſeized us. The abbeſs wiſely turned our fears into a jeſt; then, aſſuming a more ſerious tone, ſhe pointed out to us the vexatious incidents to which whatever bears any relation to intrigue is liable; remarking that it always bears the ſtamp of diſſimulation, which ſooner or later, will lead to ſome diſagreeable dilemma; and that we had received the puniſhment which our imprudence merited, for over-ſtepping the bounds of that liberty ſhe had given us. Thus, from the moſt trifling events, may we derive leſſons, that take faſt root in the minds of youth.

She ſuppreſſed our night parties for the future, and the next day ſtopped up the cloſet window. The child was placed in ſafe hands, and properly provided for. We afterwards diſcovered that ſome one was going to expoſe the infant at the gate of a church, according to the barbarous cuſtom of thoſe days*; but ſeeing the baſket, hoped to procure a better fate for the poor unfortunate. Our ſociety clubbed together, and the ſum raiſed was ſufficient to procure a decent ſituation for the child, of whom

* Would to heaven *we* had not more barbarous cuſtoms now!

I have

I have never ſince heard. How often does ſlander ſkulk under the mantle of truth, to ſpread its venom? This anecdote may ſerve to caution us, how much we ought to guard againſt liſtening to reports, that affect any one's reputation, with however ſtrong an appearance of truth they may be coloured.

Whilſt we were at the Benedictines convent, Emilia's father died. I had then attained my thirteenth year. So long a ſpace of time having elapſed, left Emilia no hope of ever ſeeing Salmoni. She had now no tie in Genoa, and conſidered travelling as neceſſary to finiſh my education. In ſhowing me the different courts of Europe, ſhe doubted not but I ſhould find a match ſuitable to my preſent fortune, both in birth and rank. She even wiſhed that I ſhould enter the bands of hymen at an early period. In this ſhe had my happineſs in view. Too dearly had ſhe experienced how the pleaſures of life are poiſoned by a long and fruitleſs paſſion, not to wiſh to guard me from a ſimilar misfortune. She had ſtudied my character, and had diſcovered that I had a heart capable of the tendereſt attachment. She ſought to crown her work by making this diſpoſition the foundation of my happineſs.

The

The diſcloſing to me my birth, and a relation of all the events of my infancy, ſhe thought were neceſſary, previous to my entering on a new career. This recital tore open all the wounds of her heart, which time had ſlightly ſkinned over; nor could ſhe finiſh without ſhedding torrents of tears. But ſhe ſpoke to me of the Chriſtian doctrine with ſo much fire, ſo holy an enthuſiaſm, and a ſoul ſo penetrated with its advantages; ſhe painted, in ſuch lively colours, the certain dangers I ſhould have run in profeſſing the religion of my fathers; ſhe made me feel ſo ſtrongly, whilſt ſhe deſcribed with energy, the nothingneſs of all that I had quitted, and the immenſity of the everlaſting happineſs I had acquired, if I were capable of preſerving it, that my gratitude was unbounded, my attachment was increaſed, and I viewed in her a tender mother, whom Providence itſelf had choſen for me. From that moment I vowed an eternal reſpect to her in my own breaſt; and I can truly ſay, that I retained it to the laſt inſtant of her life.

She afterwards informed me of her deſign that I ſhould travel. There is no longer a neceſſity for concealing you ſaid ſhe; you ſhould now appear in Europe, with the grandeur ſuitable to your

rank

rank. The ſilence kept by the Ottoman Porte on your diſappearing, leaves no room to fear its reſearches after the expiration of thirteen years: the religion which I have made you embrace promiſes you an aſylum in every Chriſtian court: your ſex does not permit you to aſpire to the Turkiſh throne; and reaſons of ſtate, always ſtronger than the ties of blood, will not permit your father, haughty as he is, to expoſe his ſubjects to the doubtful event of war, if he meet a refuſal from any power of whom he may reclaim you. You may ſhow yourſelf, therefore, without riſk, to the world as the daughter of Achmet III. who has had the courage to prefer the light of truth to all the deceitful ſplendour of human greatneſs. If there be any danger, it is mine alone. The vengeance of your father may reach me any where; and, if he give way to his reſentment, it would be difficult, if not impoſſible, for me to eſcape it. If this be the caſe, replied I, why ſhould I aſſume the pride of rank? Leave me in my obſcurity, if that can be a ſafeguard to the perſon whom I love above all the world. I ſhould be in no leſs danger, ſhe, were I to conſent to your re-. It is known that I am not mar-; you cannot, therefore, paſs for my

my daughter: that would disgrace both you and me. The world does not always view things in their true light: seeing you possess an ample fortune, which I have taken care to secure you, it would enquire how you came by it; you are handsome, and it would generally form the most dishonourable ideas of you: the daughter of Achmet was not born to be affronted with the title of an *adventuress*. I know the haughtiness of your soul; such a suspicion would make you die with vexation. Your true title explains all: it interests every one in your welfare, and procures you their respect. One day you will better feel the value of that respect to a woman, than you do at present. My resolution, therefore, is formed, so let it rest.

The same day I received the compliments of all the community; and this eased the nuns of a burden which had pressed heavily on them these three years; for, thanks to the prohibition they were under, every one burnt to reveal the secret to me.

We soon after left the convent of Benedictines. Emilia carried me to my godfather and my godmother, both of whom approved her intention of declaring who I was. The report soon spread.

ſpread. The doge, the ſenate, all the different orders of the republic came to viſit me. I was young: theſe ceremonies were tireſome to me: and I felt, for the firſt time, the weight of grandeur.

CHAP. VII.

Arrival at Rome.—Audience of the Pope.

EMILIA having put her affairs in order, and turned into money the little fortune left her by her father, we ſoon after quitted Genoa, and went to Rome. My conductreſs was not diſpleaſed to exhibit the acquiſition ſhe had made to the Chriſtian religion at the ſeat of its ſupreme head. It was a kind of triumph; and who would not excuſe the vanity ariſing from ſo pure a principle?

My arrival at Rome excited an emo- which, I own, I could not . . . this then, ſaid I, is that proud city which gave birth to the haughty lords of the world! this is the land which

which was overrun by the anceſtors of that Conſtantine, who founded the city where mine now reign! your glory, proud Romans, ſunk under the aſcendancy of my race, now ſeated on that throne, which a nation, that had wielded the ſword of victory for a thouſand years, could not defend from its conquering arm.

Emilia, accuſtomed to read what paſſed in my mind, gueſſed my ſentiments. Do not, ſaid ſhe, aſcribe to your anceſtors the honour of what was owing to the vices and effeminacy of Conſtantine's ſucceſſors. When your anceſtors ſeated themſelves on the ruins of the throne of the Cæſars, they did not avenge the world, they only added a new link to the chain of oppreſſion: they wove the veil of ignorance with a woof of iron: not contented with making it impenetrable to truth, they endeavoured to make its weight ſo great, that no human hand could lift it up. Believe me, my dear Cecilia, when the ſoul looks inwards upon herſelf, contemplates her majeſty, and views the point of communication between man and the deity, ſhe prides herſelf but little in animating a body, through whoſe veins flow the blood of a Bajazet, a Solyman, or a Mahomet. I perceive, replied I, that you do not eſtimate

mate glory very highly. I eſtimate virtue, ſaid ſhe, above all things. All glory, that has not reſpect for the Supreme Being for its baſe, and the love of mankind for its object, is at leaſt an error of the imagination, if it be not a crime of the ſenſes.

The news of my arrival ſoon ſpread abroad, and every eye in Rome was fixed on me. When I went out I was followed by crowds: I furniſhed a ſubject of converſation for every circle: I was the admiration of one ſex, and the envy of the other.

Emilia ſolicited for me an audience of the ſovereign pontiff, which ſhe eaſily obtained. Clement XI. then filled the chair of St. Peter. Full of years and virtues, he had the venerable air of the antient patriarchs. He was tall, and not yet bent beneath the weight of age. Contemplation had furrowed his lofty foreh[illegible] The ſerenity of his mind was painted in his eyes, the vivacity of which was taken off by age and meditation. Long abſtin[illegible]ce had removed the colour from his cheeks: abſtinence, that the leanneſs o[illegible] his body ſhewed he had the cou[illegible] ſupport. His reverend age well [illegible]ited the majeſty of that God, [illegible]ſe miniſter he was, by the reſpect [illegible]ch it inſpired; whilſt his body, worn with

with fasting, preached his law more forcibly than all the powers of human eloquence.

The circumstance was sufficiently extraordinary to induce him to give a degree of pomp to this audience. All the cardinals, prelates, foreign ministers, and great officers of the court, were present. The pope received me in a hall of the vatican magnificently decorated. He was seated on a throne of red velvet, embroidered with gold, and enriched with jewels. His holiness was clad in his pontifical habiliments. The timidity natural at my age, and the awful appearance of a spectacle so new, made me cast down my eyes, on entering into the hall, where I was expected. Emilia followed me. When I approached the steps of the throne, the pope arose to receive me; his movement obliged me to lift up my eyes to look at him. The impression made on me by the old man of Genoa should be recollected. I could not restrain an emotion of terror at the sight of the pontiff. I gave a shriek, and fell down in a swoon. Emilia, who had foreseen, and feared this circumstance, supported me in her arms: every assistance was eagerly given me, and the accident was attributed to my extreme youth, intimidated by the awful appear-

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ance of the ceremony. I ſoon recovered; and reaſon getting the better of my repugnance, I exerted myſelf to ſupport the ſight of his holineſs, who paid me a compliment moſt flattering, and, at the ſame time, moſt ſuitable to the majeſty of the place he held. I anſwered him with a noble modeſty: but when I was informed, that it was time to approach him to kiſs his feet, I confeſs all the pride of my blood was aroused; nor could I bring myſelf to conſent to it. You cannot require, ſaid I, addreſſing myſelf to his holineſs, the daughter of ſo many emperors to proſtrate herſelf before you: that homage is only due from me to the God whom you ſerve as well as I, and whom I have the happineſs to know. I revere you as his miniſter, but him only I adore. You are not in his temple; I ſee only the brilliancy of your court; and there is not a court on earth where I do not conſider myſelf as the equal of its ſovereign.

The pope was ſilent for a few minutes. Without ſhewing the leaſt alteration in his countenance, he anſwered me in the following terms. Preſerve thoſe ſentiments of God, which do you honour. The etiquette of courts is the work of man. To exact ſubmiſſion to it, or to refuſe it, both, perhaps, ſpring from the

the ſame principle of pride. The reſpect due to God is a right which the ſceptre confers on ſovereigns, and which they ought to maintain: but ceremonies are ſo nearly related to worldly vanity, that a neglect of them may be eaſily pardoned.

The audience finiſhed; and the pope cauſed a magnificent entertainment to be given me, at the palace of *Monte Cavallo*. His nieces did the honours of the feaſt, at which we were ſerved by the officers of his holineſs. In the afternoon all the ladies of Rome repaired to the palace, and were ſucceſſively preſented to me. In the evening we went, in the carriages belonging to the court, to the great church of St. Peter's, where the ſovereign pontiff officiated, and gave us his benediction.

On leaving the church, the firſt and moſt ſuperb in the Chriſtian world, we found that an artificial day had taken the place of night. That immenſe temple, which is illuminated in an inſtant, by means of oil of ſpike, was covered with an innumerable quantity of lamps, from its baſe to the ſummit of its dome, which is of a prodigious height. This forms a moſt beautiful ſpectacle, of which it is difficult to conceive an idea. It is an immenſe pile of light, that, aſcending majeſti-

majeſtically under the cope of heaven, whitens the cloud ſlowly gliding over it. It is the palace of the God of the univerſe, covered with all the ſplendour that human littleneſs can beſtow. It is the image of that pillar of fire, involved in which the God of Iſrael once led his choſen people.

It is eaſy to be ſuppoſed, that my appearance at Rome made ſome noiſe. All the ambaſſadors informed their courts; and it was ſoon ſpread throughout Europe, that a daughter of Achmet III. had embraced the Chriſtian religion, and that ſhe had been received and acknowledged as ſuch by the pope. This circumſtance ſtopped the mouths of thoſe who, ſworn enemies to every thing ſavouring of the marvellous, would have endeavoured to call in queſtion the truth of my birth.

Every one, fond of following the example of the court, was eager to make entertainments for me. The foreign miniſters were not the laſt. The Malteſe ambaſſador, as a repreſentative of an order profeſſedly the protector of religion, inſiſted on my becoming his
eſt; and, in the name of the grand
after, and all the knights, aſſured me
a protector againſt every attempt of a
power,

power, whoſe attacks they had ſo often repulſed.

I accepted his offers, and he cauſed a magnificent apartment to be fitted up for my reception in his palace. This condeſcenſion put an end to the tranquillity of my life. Here was I to loſe my indifference: here was I to feel, for the firſt time, that ſentiment which, though often the ſource of ſupreme felicity, too often embitters all our days.

In this houſe I ſaw the Chevalier de ***. He was twenty years old. To a charming figure, and an illuſtrious birth, he added an enchanting diſpoſition, a warm heart, and a ſoul of ſenſibility. Such he appeared to me, and ſuch he ever was. What is that irreſiſtible power, which draws two hearts towards one another? Are we not born with thoſe ſeeds of ſympathy, which need but a caſual meeting to make them bud? Does our organization conceal a fluid, which, ſubject to the powers of attraction, unites more readily with one object than with another; and is this emanation reciprocal? I am much inclined to believe ſuch an hypotheſis: probably at no diſtant period its truth may be evident.

Be it as it may, I loved the Chevalier de *** the moment I ſaw him, nor did I make a leſs impreſſion upon his heart.

The

The youngeſt ſon of a noble houſe, he was going to Malta to take his vows, and ſeek, amongſt ſtrangers, a fortune ſuitable to his birth, which the laws of men, contrary to thoſe of nature, refuſed him from his own family.

A noble frankneſs, which I always admired amongſt the many other virtues with which his ſoul was adorned, made him ſoon break ſilence. I had known him but a few days. One evening he thus accoſted me. To ſee and to love you are the ſame thing. My boldneſs may, perhaps, diſpleaſe you, as I am not inſenſible of the difference birth has placed between us. But I am by nature open: I love you, and I dare avow it. Can it be a crime, when I pretend to nothing? If you be not offended with this confeſſion, 'tis all I aſk: I know the reſpect due to you too well to hope. If I have offended you I ſhall die with grief; if you pity me, I ſhall die content: and if I had room to believe that I ſhould not have been indifferent to you had I been your equal, I ſhould be the happieſt of lovers.

My heart was prejudiced in his favour; what could I anſwer? A tear fell from my eye in ſpite of me. This confeſſion, ſaid I to him, I have feared, as ſuſpected it. But I am not leſs open

than you. I cannot conceal that I love you; the ſentiment is pleaſing to my heart; but I perceive that it will be the torment of my life, as I feel that no one but you is capable of inſpiring it. What chains does my duty lay on me, which I never will break, that I may preſerve a heart worthy you! What obſtacles are to be expected from a powerful family, which I ſhall never aſſiſt you to overcome, becauſe they would hurt my pride; and you owe more to your parents than to me! It would be more prudent to reject your advances, and to conceal my ſentiments: but I cannot ſtoop to diſguiſe. I perceive all our dangers: I ſee the torment we prepare for ourſelves: but I am not deceitful, and I lay open to you a heart of which you are the maſter, but in which virtue will always walk by the ſide of the ſentiments you inſpire.

I then exhorted him to purſue the wiſhes of his family, to repair to Malta and take his vows. A thouſand prejudices againſt me, continued I, may ariſe in the minds of your family. Would you expoſe me to the affront of being diſdained by thoſe, who, illuſtrious as they may be, will ever be my inferiors? Had I a throne I would ſhare it with you; with you I would bear

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verſity without one complaint: but I confeſs, my love could not ſupport contempt; nor can I deny, that I would even rather forego for ever the hope of ſeeing you again, than——Ah! do not, ſaid he interrupting me, kill me with the picture of anticipated misfortunes, to which, perhaps, we ſhall never be expoſed. Let me, at leaſt, uſe every effort to prevent them; and if what you ſeem to fear ſhould prove true, I ſwear to you by my honour, which I hold moſt ſacred, that, jealous of yours, I will inform you of it with my preſent frankneſs; and will be the firſt to adviſe you to avoid man, whoſe family is inſenſible of th reſpect due to you.

CHAP. VIII.

Meeting of Emilia with Salmoni.—His adventures.

AFTER this converſation ſix weeks paſſed ſmoothly on. Every day increaſed my eſteem for the young cheevery inſtant I diſcovered the le qualities of his heart, and was in-

toxicated, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, with the pleaſure of loving him. But the intereſts of friendſhip ſoon came to participate with thoſe of love; for I was too much concerned in the following event not to ſhare in the joy of Emilia.

One morning ſhe and I took a walk together, as, it being the beginning of ſpring, the mornings were extremely pleaſant, and we were willing to enjoy them. In the courſe of our walk we paſſed before the church of St. Mary the Great. I propoſed to hear Maſs. We entered. Setting my foot on the threſhold, I made a falſe ſtep, and ſtumbled. A cavalier, of a good appearance, and richly dreſſed, being near me, offered me his arm, and led me to the neareſt ſeat. Emilia's attention was wholly beſtowed on me. When I was ſeated, and the cavalier had aſſured himſelf, that I had received no hurt, he made a bow, and was retiring. The ſound of his voice caught the ear of Emilia; lifting up her eyes—Heavens! cried ſhe, it is he, and inſtantly fell down at his feet.

This accident called all our attention to her. The women in Italy always go out in a thick veil: I removed Emilia's to give her air. No ſooner did the cavalier perceive her face, than he exclaimed

claimed,—What do I see! It is Fatima. —Monſter!—I ſaw he was about to run from her. If it be true, that you have to complain of this woman, ſaid I, yet you, at leaſt, owe her that aſſiſtance which humanity would direct every man to beſtow. Theſe words ſtopped him. By the help of ſome perſons who were by, we conveyed her to a ſurgeon's near the church. Some gold, that I offered at our entrance, procured the ready aſſiſtance of all the houſe. We were ſhewn into a neat chamber, and Emilia was laid a bed. I was a little uneaſy at the cauſe of this event, and yet I thought I ſuſpected it. Notwithſtanding all means uſed, Emilia continued a long while in a ſwoon. In falling ſhe received a ſlight wound on her head, it was c[illegible] As ſhe did not recover, the ſurg[illegible]ent out for an elixir, from which he hoped better ſucceſs. The cavalier, [illegible], and I, remained alone in the c[illegible]ber. The moment the former ſaw [illegible]t liberty,—ungrateful woman, [illegible]may this accident be the fol[illegible]uniſhment of thy infidelity: and you, who, from your age, appear [illegible]her daughter, may you never imi[illegible]e ſo unworthy an example.—Appearces, ſaid I, often deceive us; nor is the firſt time that innocence has

been accuſed by injuſtice.—Heavens! cried he, you excuſe her? you are then as vile as ſhe.—At theſe words my face glowed with indignation.—Raſh man, ſaid I, forget not the reſpect due to my ſex: forget not, in addreſſing me, the reſpect due to the daughter of Achmet.

The laſt words ſtruck him as with a clap of thunder. He was petrified. Is it poſſible? What! you are not her daughter? It was you whom ſhe took from the ſeraglio, and you are the daughter of the ſultan? Theſe words he uttered with an hefitating voice, and caſting a look on Emilia, in which trouble, doubt, love, and repentance, were painted by turns.—Unjuſt man! ſaid I to him, thou canſt not deceive me: thou art Salmoni. Behold the unhappy victim of love to thee, who, for theſe fourteen years, has mourned thy abſence. Finiſh thy work by curſing her, whom joy at ſeeing thee again has [illegible]d.—If it be ſo, cried he, I am a [illegible]ter. O! deareſt Emilia! live, if [illegible] poſſible, to puniſh the wre[illegible] I ſuſpect thee. The ſound of his voi[illegible], ſo delightful to her, reached her very ſoul. She, by degrees, recovered, and l eyes, opening to the light, look around to ſee her lover.—My dear S

mo

moni, ſaid ſhe, do I ſee you once more? Then I die content.

At t[illegible] moment the ſurgeon entered. He ma[illegible]r ſwallow a few drops of a liquor, [illegible] ought; and underſtandi[illegible] cident was occaſioned by [illegible]en ſurprize, he thought it proper [illegible] a vein. An extreme feeble[illegible]ow the only complaint that remained. The ſurgeon declared that ſ[illegible] perfectly out of danger, and th[illegible] hours reſt would perfectly eſta[illegible]ner health. I had ſent to inform [illegible] Malteſe ambaſſador with the accide[illegible]ch had happened to Emilia, witho[illegible]tioning the cauſe. He came immed[illegible]ately with his coach to fetch us; and th[illegible]t he paid me entirely convinced Salmoni of the truth of what I had told him. Taking him by the hand, and addreſſing myſelf to the ambaſſador,—permit me, ſaid I, to preſent to you a gentleman of Genoa. You know, ſir, all my adventures; but I am certain, that he can add circumſtances of which all of us are yet ignorant.—Whatever relates to a princeſs like you, madam, ſaid the ambaſſador, muſt be heard with avidity. He received Salmoni with the greateſt complaiſance; and Emilia being now able to bear the motion of the carriage, we all four got into

Salmoni's eyes were drowned in tears. Emilia gave a free courſe to her's, which had hitherto oppreſſed her heart, without being able to find vent. My careſſes, the ſight of Selim, attention of the ambaſſador, invited to call them forth: the[y] flowed plentifully; and this, perhaps, ſaved her life, which, ſpite of the ſurgeon's gnoſtic, was not, I believe, quite out of danger.

When we arrived at the palace, we ſhut ourſelves up together. The chevalier de * * * alone was excepted from the orders, which ſhut the gate to every one elſe. The ambaſſador and we were acquainted with every circumſtance that had preceded, followed, or accompanied our departure from the ſeraglio. The long letter which Salmoni had put into the caſket, which he had ſent Emilia by the young icoglan, and which ſhe had preſerved with all the care of a lover, had informed us of every thing that had happened to him during his ten years ſearch, till his arrival at Conſtantinople. He began his narrative, therefore, to which we were all extremely attentive, with o[mi]t fro[m] the palace of Achmet.

Before I begin, ſaid Salmoni, permi me, my dear Emilia, to aſk you, wh th

that man was, whom I ſaw receive you at the foot of the wall of the ſeraglio, and w - fell a victim to my jealouſy.—I ki . no more than you, anſwered Emilia. I took him for you, when I found myſelf in his arms. Judge of my fright, when he was ſtabbed before my face.—Horrible myſtery, ſaid Salmoni, which I cannot yet penetrate, and which has made me ſo unjuſt to the moſt reſpectable of women! but the letter, ch I gave to the ſlave, at the gate o , caravanſary, appointing the rende s at midnight, how came you to be b-f-re the hour? for it was but eleve n you were at the place.—
—You - - reaſon to ſay, my dear Salmoni, t explicable myſtery. The ſlave, who received the billet from your hands, could not deceive me: that ſlave was myſelf. I could not reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing you: that of ſpeaking to you I was able to conquer, as the leaſt indiſcretion might have ruined us. It was I who, the next day, r eived your anſwer. When I reentered the ſeraglio it was almoſt night: I ran it over by the twilight; I f-nc-ied it mentioned midnight. That ening I could not be alone to read it my leiſure, as a ſlight cold, which Ce-a had caught, obliged me to have

two ſlaves with me, to ſit up with her. The next day I had ſeized a moment to peruſe it. As I was opening it, the ſultan was announced, who was coming to ſee his daughter. In my hurry, I had only time to throw it into a large marble vaſe, deſigned to hold perfumes, which ſtood in a corner of my apartment. The ſultan would carry his daughter to the ſultana Aſki. I was obliged to follow him, and to paſs the day with her. In the evening, on my return, my firſt care, being alone, was to ſeek the letter. I found it in the vaſe, into which I had thrown it. I then obſerved, that the words eleven o'clock were interlined, and the word below entirely effaced. I did not much attend to that circumſtance, as I thought it might eaſily have eſcaped my notice when I ran it over the evening before. Beſides, how could I have any ſuſpicion? I received it from your own hand; I had concealed it all night in my boſom; in the morning I put it into the vaſe, out of ſight of every eye; and in the evening I found it in the ſame place. Nothing, then, could raiſe the leaſt doubt in my mind: and if I were at the place of rendezvous at eleven o'clock, it was becauſe I was firmly per-

perſuaded that I was punctually obeying your wiſhes.—

I cannot comprehend it, replied Salmoni; and the recital of my hiſtory will convince you that I was more unfortunate than culpable. My impatience brought me early to the ſhore. The French veſſel was anchored within forty yards of it. The captain had on board the ladder and crook, which he had procured. I had ordered him to land them at half an hour after eleven, as the janiſſaries, who might, perhaps, diſcover us, if they were landed earlier, generally keep a more careleſs watch from that time till day-break. It was ſcarce ten when I was at the place appointed beneath the wall. I concealed myſelf between ſome rocks, which were waſhed by the ſea. In this ſituation nothing could eſcape my obſervation, and I was placed ſo as to be ſecure from diſcovery. I perceived on board the veſſel the ladder and the crook, which, from their length, reached over the ſtern; and I ſaw the two tall trees ſo plainly, that I could diſtinguiſh the two ropes of the ſwing. Hence I eaſily conjectured the —ans you had contrived to effect your ape, and the uſe of the crook you d ordered.

A kind

A kind of inquietude in ſuch a ſituation cannot be avoided: yet never perhaps, in my life, did I paſs ſuch happy moments as thoſe. In one hour I was to claſp in my arms the object of all my wiſhes, for whom love had made me undergo ſuch cares and ſuch fatigues. I fancied I already ſaw you: I fancied I already ſpoke to you. Too happy dream! how dreadfully was I to be awaked from it!

At three quarters after ten a patrole of janiſſaries paſſed by me. I underſtood, from their converſation, that they had ſeized ſome wine in a Turk's houſe, and, like good muſſulmen, choſe rather to drink it themſelves, than to give others an opportunity of ſinning. Having more than they could well manage, they were carrying a part of their prize to their comrades: hence I judged, with joy, that I ſhould have nothing to fear from their preſence the remainder of the night.

Scarcely were they gone off, when, looking towards that ſide from which the janiſſaries had come, I perceived a man ſtealing along at the foot of the wall, who appeared to be carrying on his ſhoulder ſomething long and heavy. When he was oppoſite the two trees he ſtopped, and ſet his load up againſt the wall,

wall, which I perceived was a ladder and a crook, reſembling thoſe which I had been directed to procure.

The ghoſt of Clytemneſtra ſtruck not ſuch horror into the parricide her ſon. My hair ſtood an end. A cold ſweat trickled from every pore: infernal jealouſy twined all her ſnakes about my heart. What a dreadful ſtate! from the moſt profound ſerenity, my ſoul ruſhed at once to the moſt tumultuous rage. A moment before the path of life ſeemed ſtrewed with never fading flowers: in an inſtant a ſea of blood ruſhes to my view, and I burn to plunge into it. No gradual declivity to break the horrid precipice: whilſt I am wandering in the enchanted gardens of Armida, the frightful Styx riſes at my feet.

With a motion quick as lightning, I ſtarted up, drew my poniard, and was ruſhing on the traitor, when a reflection ſtopped me. Heaven's, cried I, I love, and love to diſtraction; yet, perhaps, am about to make wretched two hearts, that, like mine, live only to love! may not the ſame idea occur to two perſons? This poor man, perhaps, expects his miſtreſs; and I ſhall be barbarian enough——Before I could finiſh perceived the ſwing in motion. The e of a lover is not eaſily deceived: I knew

I knew you in an inſtant, I ſaw you deſcend the ladder: I ſaw you embrace him, and your death was reſolved. You tremble at my tale. Pardon my paſſion; you know the power of jealouſy. To my diſorder, to the ſudden fright with which the cries of that infant ſtruck my bewilder'd mind, are you indebted for that life, which my madneſs had already doomed to deſtruction.

My deteſted rival falling beneath my ſtroke, I fled without knowing what I did. My ſtrength exhauſted by rage and grief, I fell at a ſmall diſtance. I ſaw the ſailors carry you off; and, will you believe it, I felt a kind of pleaſure at ſeeing you out of danger? The workings of the human heart are ſurely not to be underſtood. Yet it was but a tranſient gleam. The recollection of your offence, the unexpected ſight of that infant, which painted it to me in the blackeſt colours, and, above all, your horrible diſſimulation, which had given me hopes, whilſt another——O Emilia! what a moment for the unfortunate Salmoni! yes, his guilty mouth dared imprecate on your hea
thunder, tempeſt: I called all
rors of ſhipwreck to aid my vengean
I prayed to ſee it, to be the witneſs

it, and to die with pleaſure in beholding that lovely face daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks.

This new fit of rage recalling my ſtrength, I aroſe. Contempt ſucceeding, I felt a momentary calm: I fancied I had baniſhed you for ever from my thoughts: I walked off perfectly tranquil. Dreadful tranquillity! it reſembled the ſilence of the grave. It was a new torment. I ſaw myſelf alone in the univerſe. The world ſeemed to have ſlidden from beneath my feet, to have taken my ſoul with it, and to have left only a ſelf-moving machine, utterly inſenſible both to pain and pleaſure. Death offered itſelf to my view as an univerſal comforter, whoſe favours would compenſate thoſe that love had refuſed. I flew to its embrace—But more powerful religion, holding up the mirror of truth, expoſed to my ſight all the deformities of my fancied benefactor. Divine religion! man may endeavour to avoid thee, but, in the hour of adverſity, thou wilt be always nigh him: the unhappy victim of his paſſions is, perhaps, the peculiar object of thy love.

The captain had brought me acquaint- [illegible] French prieſt, who was his [illegible]. At the end of four or five [illegible] repaired to his houſe, and unfolded

folded to him my ſorrows. I did not leave him for ſome weeks. He did not heal my griefs, but he taught me to bear them.

The flight of Fatima was talked of all over Conſtantinople, every one relating it in a different manner. It is well known how difficult the news of the ſeraglio gets abroad. Some ſaid, that Fatima had fled with a child which ſhe had by a Chriſtian, who had found means to be introduced to her in woman's clothes. Others affirmed, that ſhe eſcaped alone, but with immenſe treaſures. Theſe aſſerted, that the report was merely political, to conceal an intrigue between a ſultana and the boſſangi bachi, who had been ſtrangled. Thoſe, better informed, no doubt, whiſpered, that the princeſs, daughter of the ſultana Aſki, had been carried off by Fatima, to be educated in the Chriſtian religion. Amongſt ſo many reports, how was it poſſible to diſcover the truth? I could ſee nothing but a faithleſs miſtreſs.

CHA

CHAP. IX.

Continuation of Salmoni's Travels.

A FEW weeks after this fatal event, I prepared to leave Conſtantinople. I intended to quit a place which was become inſupportable to me, to baniſh myſelf for ever from my native country, in which I had become acquainted with the faithleſs woman who had rendered life a burden to me, and to retire to India. I was in poſſeſſion of about two thouſand ſequins. Theſe I intended to employ in trade, and by a new way of life, and the ſight of new objects, efface, if poſſible, the painful remembrance of all my misfortunes. In conſequence of this reſolution, I waited for a caravan, which was about to depart for Egypt, by means of which I purpoſed to reach mount Tauris, and thus get into the mogul's country through Perſia.

The caravan was now to depart in two days, and I had every thing ready. I had retired to bed pretty early, after having ſupped; and my exhauſted mind feeling a kind of calm, ſleep to which I had long been a ſtranger, had forcibly overcome me. In the middle of the night, I was ſuddenly roughly ſhaken, I opened my eyes, and ſaw, by the light of ſome tapers,

tapers, a crowd of janiſſaries, with ſabres in their hands, ſurrounding my bed, and my two ſlaves, who ſlept in my chamber, weltering in their blood. A profound ſilence reigned throughout this ſcene of horror. I was dragged out of bed. Offering to ſpeak a few words, the ſetfa of the ſultan was diſplayed. On ſuch an occaſion to pay reverence to it, and be ſilent, is the cuſtom. And as I paſſed for a muſſulman, my danger would have been encreaſed, if I had diſcovered myſelf to be a Chriſtian. I ſupported the character I had aſſumed, therefore, to the laſt: I bowed my head, and awaited death.

But to take my life was not their object. Four mutes bound my hands, blindfolded me, and carried me off almoſt naked. When, from [illegible] ſtance, I imagined myſelf i[illegible], I was placed in a litter, and we ſet [illegible] I cannot ſay how long we were on the road: all I know is, that, after a certain time, which appeared long in my ſituation, the litter ſtopped, and I was conveyed down into a dungeon. The bandage was then removed from my eyes: the light of torches diſcloſed to my view the damp walls, a little ſtraw for my bed, a veſſel of water, and a ſmall portion of black bread. My conductors immediately

ately departed. I heard an infinite number of gates ſhut upon me; and I judged that the dungeon was deep, as the ſound they made ſeemed higher and higher above my head.

I racked my imagination to conceive the cause of ſuch rigorous treatment; but I could attribute it to no other than the eſcape of Fatima. Yet how could I be ſuſpected of being concerned in it? No one was witneſs to her flight. I was certain the French captain had not betrayed me. I had killed my ſuppoſed rival; he, therefore, could not diſcloſe it. I was loſt in conjectures. At laſt, my mind filled with the religious ſentiments it had imbibed, I gave myſelf up entirely into the hands of God; and my heart confeſſed his juſtice in puniſhing me, at leaſt in ſome degree, for the, perhaps, innocent blood I had ſhed.

In this horrid abode I remained about three months. Bread and water were brought me every two days. At laſt I was taken out in the ſame manner as I was brought thither. I imagined that I was conveying to the place of execution, and I prepared to die. I was placed in a litter, and, after a time, my guides made me alight. I walked on foot a few minutes: my eyes were uncovered: the light of day was too ſtrong for them: I

grew

grew faint; and it was only by the help of ſome cordials that I recovered my ſtrength, exhauſted by grief and confinement.

I then perceived myſelf in a ſuperb apartment. My guards had withdrawn. Where am I? ſaid I to myſelf. Is this enchantment? But now I was buried in the bowels of the earth, and now I am in the abode of the gods. Where will this terminate? Scarcely had I paſſed a quarter of an hour in this ſituation, when a numerous guard of janiſſaries entered, and ſoon after a man in the flower of his age, of a majeſtic figure. Judge of my aſtoniſhment, when, in this man, I beheld the ſultan. I had ſeen him often enough in the ſtreets of Conſtantinople not to be miſtaken. I then ſuppoſed my laſt hour in[illegible] arrived, and that Achmet had [illegible] me to be brought before him to enjoy the ſight of my puniſhment. Were it a fortunate preſage, or that the ſoul collects all its forces on critical moments [illegible] betrayed no ſigns of fear: I thought [illegible] of putting off my death, or even eſcaping it, if [illegible]. The ladder and cre[illegible] that [illegible] ight were now brought [illegible] addreſſing me himſel[illegible] ed if I knew them. I anſwered, no. This I could with truth, as I perceived th

they were not the ſame which the French captain had procured by my direction. The poor icoglan, to whom I had formerly given the diamonds, then made his appearance. He was loaden with chains; and that ſight afflicted me. I am the cauſe of that innocent creature's misfortunes, ſaid I to myſelf: my fooliſh paſſion has brought calamity on his head. The ſultan, with a ſevere tone, aſked if he knew me. The child, worn out by long ſufferings, pale, trembling, anſwered, with a faint voice, that he had never before ſeen me. The ſtate I was in, a long thick beard, hollow eyes, ſallow complexion, and my body ſcarcely covered with a few rags, might contribute to deceive him; nor was I ſurprized that he did not recollect me. The ſultan made him withdraw, and having diſmiſſed his guards, I remained alone with him.

Draw near, Chriſtian, ſaid he: I would not be overheard. I a Chriſtian! cried I.—Yes, thou art, but fear nothing; the ſecret is known only to myſelf. Were it diſcovered, I ſhould be obliged to ſacrifice thee to the prejudices of my ſubjects: but I alone am acquainted and Achmet is not ſo narrow- to deſtroy a man, becauſe in ney he imbibed impreſſions diffe-

ren-

rent from his own. I know thou wouldſt have taken away Fatima. Thou lovedſt her, no doubt, and love makes thee excuſable. Thy conduct, and the vengeance thou haſt taken of thy rival, convince me that thou waſt not her accomplice in the injury ſhe did me: thou mayſt thank heaven for it, as it has ſaved thee from my vengeance. The tone of generoſity, and the majeſtic dignity, that diſplayed themſelves in the prince's manner, induced me to ſpeak the truth. Yes, ſaid I, I will not deceive the noble Achmet; I loved. I thought I had found a miſtreſs by whom that love was returned, and I found a traitreſs, that has poiſoned all my happineſs. Doſt thou know, ſaid the ſultan, the infant which ſhe took with her?—It was hers, no doubt: the inconteſtible witneſs of her treachery. That heightened my rage, as it was indiſputably the father of that infant, whom the perjured Fatima accompanied, when my poniard reached his heart.—Thy opinion confirms to me, that thou art not guilty. Quit this country. Every one believes thee to be a muſſulman; I alone know the contrary. I will not betray thee; but the ſecret may tra
ſpire; thou wouldſt then be l
licy would not permit me to
Fly, therefore: my favour ſhall
th

thee. Poor wretch! continued the prince, in a tone of pity, I have made thee suffer much; but if thou wert acquainted with the reason, I am sure thou wouldst pardon me. Set a price on thy sufferings. What can I do to make thee amends for them? Whatever be thy demand, it shall not take from the bounty I design thee.—My eyes filled with tears, and my heart big with grief, I fell at his knees. O, great prince! said I, this moment has effaced all. But since you command me to ask a favour, I desire nothing for myself, grant only to my requeſt the life of that unfortunate child, the young icoglan. Generous young man! replied Achmet, the requeſt is worthy thee; the favour is worthy of me: thou shalt have thy wish. A prince who makes the innocent suffer, is unworthy the throne, if he do not repair the injury. Immediately calling in his guards, and ordering his grand vizier to attend, —let this Turk be honoured, said he, pointing to me; let him be loaded with my gifts, let my protection follow him every where; and whenever he shall choose to depart from this country, let my treasures be open to him.—Then addressing for the young icoglan,— I give thee to the prince, a father, a master, and friend: to him I give up all my power over

over thee. And mayſt thou, turning to me, frequently recollect that he is a preſent from Achmet. A day may come, when thou ſhalt ſee the object of all thy ſorrow; thou wilt be more happy than I.—At theſe words he withdrew, and the guards followed.

I was ſtrongly affected by his bounty, and the aſtoniſhing end of an adventure, the beginning of which had appeared ſo terrible. But I was loſt in conjecture. How did he know that I was a Chriſtian? How could he be the only one that knew it? What did he mean by ſaying, that if I again ſaw Fatima, I ſhould be more happy than he? This, madam, ſaid Salmoni, addreſſing himſelf to me, is explained by the knowledge I have of your illuſtrious birth; but all the reſt is ſtill no leſs a myſtery.

The careſſes of the young icoglan drew me from the profound revery into which I was plunged; the pleaſing ſentiments of friendſhip effaced for a moment the remembrance of all my misfortunes, and I caught him in my arms. His life, which I had ſaved; his ſufferings, of which I had been the involuntary cauſe; the innocent charms of youth, whicl rendered thoſe ſufferings ſtill more intereſting, all united to twine him rou my heart with indiſſoluble bands; ar

for fifteen years, he has been the only folace of my life.—

During this narrative I could not refrain from tears. I was ſenſible of the torments my abſence muſt have given my father Whatever had once been in his hou was dear to me. Where is the young icoglan, ſaid I? I wiſh to ſee him.

I ſhall have the honour to preſent him to you, madam, replied Salmoni. He is in this city; and of all the gifts I have received from your auguſt father, he is the moſt valuable to me. But permit me to finiſh, in a few words, the relation of my adventures, which would, no doubt, appear tedious to you, madam, were it not for the concern you yourſelf had in them.

The a a of the janiſſaries came to fetch us ſi om the hall in which we were. He conducted us to a neighbouring houſe; and I then learnt from him, that it was one of the apartments of the divan which we had juſt quitted. He refuſed to ſatisfy my curioſity in nothing but the place of my impriſonment. I paſſed in this houſe to reſt myſelf: d all my effects. After having d with preſents, of rich ſtuffs, rſes, &c. and receiving from a ſum ſufficient to enſure me a

competent fortune for my life, I quitted Conſtantinople, which the remembrance of my dear Fatima rendered inſupportable to me.

Accompanied by the young icoglan, I traverſed a great part of Turkey. It was at that period when the celebrated, but unfortunate, Charlei XII. of Sweden, was exhibiting, in an obſcure corner of the world, all the genius of a great man, all the pride of a victorious general, and all the weakneſs of a conqueror, who is left alone in the midſt of his ſchemes. I ſaw this prince at Bender. As an extraordinary man, he ſtruck me with admiration; as a man led by ambition, he inſpired me with pity. The ſight of him naturally made me deſirous of ſeeing his vanquiſher.

After a long and diſagreeable journey, I arrived at Moſcow. There I ſaw the famous Peter the Great, the legiſlator of the north, the founder of Ruſſia. I was ſtruck, at firſt ſight, with a good figure, tall ſtature, dignity of countenance, features agreeable, when enlivened by gaiety, fierce when his mind was diſturbed. Having no reaſon to conceal my adventures, the report ſoon ſpread: it came to the ears of the czar. He wiſhed to ſee me. It was eaſy to perceive, that the knowledge I had of Con-

Conſtantinople alone intereſted him. I anſwered ingenuouſly. He inquired into the character of Achmet. I related to him the converſation I had with that prince: it undoubtedly painted him ſtrongly.—Did he act thus? ſaid Peter. He did well: I ſhould have done the ſame. I am ſatisfied: he merits the name of great. Is he always attended by his janiſſaries?—Yes, replied I.—He is wrong, ſaid the czar. This great prince, after having received all the information I could give, on the queſtions he aſked, diſmiſſed me with that affability, which not only gained the hearts of his extenſive empire, but made him admired during his travels through Europe.

My curioſity being gratified, I quitted Moſcow, and traverſing Germany, I arrived in Holland. After a few days repoſe, I embarked for England, where I reſided ſeveral years, Amongſt the few events which have happened to me, there is but one perhaps that deſerve notice. On finding you, I perceive that it may not be indifferent to you. After I had been five or ſix years years in London, being at a coffee houſe in Covent Garden, with ſome Engliſhmen of my acaintance, two women meeting oppo: the door of the coffee houſe, ſtopp, and converſed together in Italian.

The language caught my attention, and I obſerved them. Whether it were imagination, or actual reſemblance, I fancied I diſcovered in one of the women the features of my Emilia. This diſcovery made me turn pale: I was near fainting. My friends gathered round me: I informed them of the occaſion of the accident; and one of them, without my knowledge followed her home, and found where ſhe lived. Returning ſoon after, he told openly the name of the ſtreet, and the houſe. As the circum[illegible]nce had drawn on me the attention o[illegible] whole room, queſtions were aſked, and having no reaſon to conceal my adventures, I briefly related them to all thoſe who ſurrounded me, and finiſhed with ſaying, that, fancying I recollected in that woman her who had cauſed me ſo many ſorrows, her unexpected appearance had occaſioned my ſudden illneſs.

Some time after I left the coffee houſe with my friends, and imagined the adventure would have ended there; for, recollecting myſelf, I was perſuaded that I had been miſtaken. I fancied that, notwithſtanding [illegible] tion I was in, I had obſerved her [illegible] ſomewhat taller than Emilia, a[illegible] colour of her hair different. I ſo[illegible] thought any more of the circumſtan[illegible]

wh

when, the next day, Atkins, who had followed her home, called on me, and propoſed to take me to her houſe.—Aſſure yourſelf of the truth, ſaid he; uncertainty is diſagreeable. If you were deceived, your mind will be at eaſe; if it were really Emilia, you will obtain an explanation, and will at leaſt know, whether you have juſt reaſons for your hate.—I yielded to his perſuaſions, and accompanied him. He led me to the houſe, which he had well noticed. On our entrance, we found every thing in the moſt alarming confuſion. We at laſt ſaw the miſtreſs of the houſe. We aſked permiſſion to ſee a lady who lodged there, whom we preſumed to be an Italian.—Alas! ſirs, ſaid the lady, a dreadful accident has happened laſt night to the perſon for whom you inquire. On entering her chamber this morning [illegible]s found weltering in her blood. [illegible]hat ſeems moſt ſtrange is, that her [illegible] has been ſeparated from her body, and is not to be found. The doors of the houſe were ſecurely faſtened, nor can we imagine how the aſſaſſins entered: we only conjecture, that they got out of the window, which was found open, and ſome mark[illegible]od on the lamp-iron confirm th[illegible] moſt

tion. I am inconſolable for her loſs, continued the lady: I brought her from Italy to England an infant, and ſhe has never been abſent from me ſince. I loved her as if ſhe were my own child. How ſhall I inform her family, who had intruſted her to my care, with this ſad diſaſter? What a dreadful event! how miſerable has it made me!

It was eaſy to diſcover from this diſcourſe, that the Italian was not Emilia: but nevertheleſs, this adventure did not fail to give me ſome diſquiet. I feared that the hiſtory I had related the evening before, in a public coffee-room, would bring ſuſpicion upon me. After ſome little conſultation with my friend, we went to the lord chief juſtice. I imparted to him my apprehenſions; informed him of every thing that had happened to me ſince the former evening; named all the friends with whom I had been in company from that time; ſent for my landlord, who depoſed, that I had not ſtirred out of his houſe, from that time till I went out with Atkins; and Atkins aſſerted, that I had not quitted him ſince he went to my lodgings till the preſent inſtant. The lord chief juſtice approved my prudence in calling on him; and Atkins, who was a man of fortune, and my landlord, who was a capi-

a capital ſilk mercer in Ludgate-ſtreet, offering to give bail for my appearance, if it ſhould be thought neceſſary, their offer was accepted; nor have I heard any thing more of this affair.

Now that I am further informed, I perceive the reaſons which the ſultan had for taking vengeance on Emilia, and I doubt not but that a price was ſet upon her head, and that my indiſcretion coſt the life of that unfortunate Italian, whoſe reſemblance to her ſtruck me ſo forcibly. In this fatal event, however, I diſcover the ſecurity of my dear Emilia: the ſultan would, no doubt, be deceived by the ſight of that head, and that illuſion places her life in ſafety.

At length I quitted London. I ſpent ſome time at Paris; and the deſire of reviſiting my native country, from which I had ſo long been abſent, operating ſtrongly on me, I repaired to Antibes, and embarked for Genoa. A ſtrong gale of wind from the north-weſt, ſent no doubt by that Providence who intended at laſt to crown all my misfortunes with the height of felicity, drove us beyond our deſtined port, and we put into Civita Vecchia for ſhelter. Sick of the ſea, I came to Rome, with intent to return home by land. We arrived here before yeſterday. This morn-

ing I went out merely to take a walk: fate led me to the church of St. Mary the Great: there happineſs awaited me, whilſt, by my unjuſt ſuſpicions, I deſerved to have forfeited it for ever.

Emilia held out her hand to Salmoni; he ſeized it with the utmoſt eagerneſs. It was impoſſible to refrain from tears, at the ſight of their joy; and the reunion of thoſe unfortunate lovers affected me, perhaps, more ſtrongly, than any other ſcene that ever occurred to me during my life. It is true, I then loved for the firſt time: that I forcibly felt the firſt impreſſions of that ſole paſſion, which has been the charm and the torment of my life: a paſſion that, though fruitleſs, the death of its object was unable to eradicate.

The chevalier de * * * whiſpered me,—O, my princeſs! if Providence decree us a moment like this!—at leaſt, replied I, if it prepare for us the ſame misfortunes, I feel my courage capable of ſupporting them.

Emilia could not refuſe Salmoni the relation of all that had happened to her, ſince ſhe left the ſeraglio. From the knowledge of their reciprocal adventures, it was impoſſible to gueſs who was that received Emilia [illegible] and how the ſu[illegible]

Salm..

Salmoni was a Chriſtian, and concerned in it. The adventure of the Italian, and her tragic end, did not fail to give us ſome diſquiet; and I could eaſily perceive that Emilia was not perfectly tranqui notwithſtanding the ſecurity which ...noni ſeemed to diſcover in it. To be ...ſs expoſed to danger, we agreed to live more retired during our ſtay at Rome; the hou... ...e ambaſſador being a ſa... ...ich no one would dare to ... The ambaſſador had the goodne... ...niſt on Sa... in his ... ; and we ſ... young icoglan, whom he ... to me and the ambaſſador, arri... ... his equipage. Salmoni had made c... a friend; and generouſly uſing the authority, which the ſultan, my father, had given him, had employed it only to beſtow on him his liberty. His long reſidence in England and France, had afforded him an opportunity of giving him a liberal education: he poſſeſſed many agreeable talents: with a charming figure he had the beſt of hearts; and a readineſs of wit made him a moſt pleaſing companion. We all received ... to our friendſhip the moment we ...m; and I may truly ſay, that he ...rved an inviolable attachment to ... the day of his death. On ſeeing

ing the young icoglan, I could not avoid ſaying to the chevalier,—This, then, is the only one of my father's ſubjects, that remains to the deſcendant of ſo many ſovereigns.—Ah! replied the chevalier, is empire neceſſary to the happineſs of one who poſſeſſes your virtues?—Had I not loved the chevalier before, I believe this anſwer would have decided my heart.

CHAP. X.

Marriage of Salmoni and Emilia.

AFTER ſo many diſappointments, it was natural that Salmoni and Emilia ſhould think of immediately forming an indiſſoluble union. They were now neither of them young: it was rather a long friendſhip they were about to cement, than violent love, which led them to the altar. They did me the honour to aſk my conſent, which I gave with tears.—My dear Emilia, ſaid I, you I conſider as my mother, and I ſhould die, if I were to be

be ſeparated from you; but I would by no means be an obſtacle to your happineſs: I reſtore you to yourſelf; I reſtore you to your lover.—Emilia, melting into tears, fell at my feet.—O my princeſs! ſaid ſhe, nothing but death, or your own commands, ſhall ever ſeparate me from you. Let me, by marrying Salmoni, give you one ſervant more, and thus double the exiſtence of one who will ſerve you at her lateſt hour.

We mingled our tears. I took the hand of Salmoni, and putting it into hers;—O my friends, ſaid I, love me both of you, nor ever quit me. I was born to a throne; but in all the univerſe I poſſeſs only you: you are all the family of an unfortunate princeſs.—Unfortunate! replied Emilia; can you call yourſelf unfortunate, whom I have brought to the knowledge of the true God?—Thus did Emilia appeaſe the emotions of my heart, when ſhe perceived, that the idea of that pomp and grandeur, of which ſhe had deprived me, ſtruck on it too forcibly. This, I confeſs, happened not ſeldom: I was not yet arrived at that age when the emptineſs of human happineſs is diſcovered.

It may be aſked, perhaps;—but if this was the caſe, why did you not return

turn to the arms of your father? Who could prevent you? No one had any right over you: you had innocently left the ſeraglio; therefore you had nothing to fear. Thoſe who can reaſon thus, muſt have a poor idea of the power of religion: that is a chain we cannot eaſily break. I ought, too, to avow, that nothing could have induced me to quit the God who was worſhipped by the Chevalier de * * *.

Emilia and Salmoni vowed an eternal attachment to me; and their vow was ſincere, for they both preſerved it inviolable till their death. The ambaſſador would take upon himſelf the care of the wedding. It was performed privately; and the ambaſſador's friends, the knights of Malta, who were preſent at Rome, and the gentlemen in his ſuite, were the only witneſſes of it. But though the feaſt provided by his gallantry was private, it was not the leſs pleaſing, gay, and well-conducted: we amuſed ourſelves much more agreeably than we ſhould have done, had it been public. As it was in the ſpring, it was given at a villa of Cardinal Borgheſe, who lent it for a few days to the ambaſſador. This prelate would be at the ceremony, and did theſe two lovers the honour to give them the nuptial benediction in his chapel.

chapel. After it was performed, ſeveral days were ſpent in feſtivity. Icoglan *, who had conſiderable invention and ingenuity, had the direction of all the feaſts. Poſſeſſed of an extraordinary memory, he was perfectly acquainted with all the cuſtoms of the different countries through which he had paſſed with Salmoni. He gave us, in ſucceſſion, a Ruſſian feaſt, an Engliſh tavern entertainment, a French ball, and, on the laſt day, the repreſentation of an amuſement within the walls of a ſeraglio. He had ſo frequently aſſiſted at the latter in his infancy, that he perfectly remembered their ſtyle; and Emilia aſſured us, that ſhe perceived no difference but in the liberty we enjoyed, which added to the pleaſure of it. This period, alas! was ſhort, and I ſoon after experienced the firſt trouble I ever knew.

We had been returned to Rome a few days, and I was yet undetermined on the ſtay we ſhould make there. I had even an inclination to fix in that city: I conſidered it as the only proper aſylum for one who had quitted her country for

* ugh this name, as has already been obſerved, ... a page of the ſultan, as theſe pages are gene- ... children who have been ſtolen from their parents, ... ſe ignorant both of their name and fam ... tained it as his proper name.

that religion of which it was the chief ſeat. I enjoyed a fortune, which the prudence of Madame Salmoni had ſecured to me, every way equal to the private ſphere of life to which I was deſtined. She was herſelf in eaſy circumſtances, from the favours which my father had beſtowed on her huſband. We might, therefore, promiſe ourſelves to paſs our days in peace.

One morning the Chevalier de * * * aſked permiſſion to ſee me. He entered. I found him extremely dejected. I, at firſt, thought that he had a rencounter, and was wounded; but he ſoon undeceived me.—Now, ſaid he, we have need of all our courage: heaven refuſes me the only happineſs I deſire: I am come—to bid you adieu.—I turned pale at this diſcourſe; but ſoon collecting all my fortitude,—explain yourſelf, ſaid I. —Read this letter.—I took the letter. I read it.

" My ſon, my dear ſon, I feel that I am about to pierce thy heart; but forgive thy father; forgive what the pride of his birth, and the care of thy fortune, require of him; the cruel prudence he is compelled to exerciſe, and the ſacrifice he muſt require of thy love: yes, of thy love. I am not unacquainted with it: I am not ignorant how much

ſhe,

ſhe, who inſpired it, deſerves it by her birth and virtue. But is that enough? Thou waſt born, my ſon, in the lap of greatneſs; but the law, more ſtrong than friendſhip, forces me to leave my eſtates to thy brother, who is no leſs dear to me than thyſelf; and permits me not to give thee a fortune worthy thee, or worthy me. That fortune, then, which the laws refuſe thee, muſt be ſought elſewhere; and the order of Malta is the only one which offers itſelf. What wouldſt thou do, my ſon, wert thou the ſpouſe of a princeſs, whom a circumſcribed fortune would oblige thee to conceal from the world? Was my ſon born to live in obſcurity? Was ſhe herſelf formed for an union with one who cannot place her in a rank ſuitable to her birth? Whilſt her own miſtreſs, all the world will be intereſted in her fate; married, ſhe would be obliged to conform to that of her huſband. My dear children, for I dare give that appellation to her alſo, perſuade yourſelves, that a father, when he gives a mortal wound to your affection, looks into futurity with a keener eye than you, and that his extreme tenderneſs ſnatches you from a precipice on which you were blindly ruſhing. I know that you will ſhow her my letter. Tell

her

her that, in paying my homage to her, I appeal to her reaſon; I intreat that reaſon to intercede with my ſon for a father, who ſeeks only his happineſs, to engage him to repair to Malta, to take his vows, and to enter into an order, of which he may hope to be one day ſovereign. What a commiſſion!—I feel its cruelty; but ſhe will alſo feel how much I eſteem her, ſince I dare charge her with it. Adieu, my ſon! I have watered this letter with my tears: but whilſt I write, I feel that my ſon is ambitious of deſerving his father's bleſſing.

Prince de * * *."

When I had finiſhed the letter,—what have you reſolved? ſaid I.—To obey.—In that anſwer I ſee my lover: I ſee the man worthy of the daughter of Achmet. Go: go, and pronounce the dreadful vow, that will tear thee from me for ever; and here receive mine, never to be the wife of any one, ſince I cannot be thine.—Ah! do not render my ſacrifice ſtill more painful, by diſplaying all the beauty of your ſoul. I will obey; but I feel that I ſhall not ſurvive my obedience.—What do you ſay? Your father takes from me a lover; but ſhall he rob me of a friend? That is a ſentiment he ſurely muſt approve. A would you be more cruel than duty,

deprivi

depriving me, by death, of what friendſhip would permit me to preſerve? It is your duty to live. Should you ſhow yourſelf unable to bear a misfortune, you would be ſuſpected of cowardice: and would you give the world an opportunity of ſaying that a daughter of Achmet was capable of loving a man unworthy of her affection?

The ambaſſador entered at this moment. We imparted to him all that had paſſed, and the reſolution we had taken. He loved us both tenderly: he approved our courage. He had long ago obſerved what paſſed in our hearts; and I have always conjectured that, being a friend to the chevalier's father, it was he who informed him of our mutual regard. He had alſo received a letter by the ſame courier, to engage him to add the influence of friendſhip to that of duty, in order to prevail on the chevalier.—I expected every thing, chevalier, ſaid he, from your courage, and the noble virtues of the princeſs; but ſince this cruel ſeparation is neceſſary, do not defer it; when we muſt part, the time we ſpend together only adds to our torment. Set off to-morrow; a Malteſe galley attends you at Civita Vecchia. Go; and ſince you muſt renounce all hope

hope of being united, merit, by your courage, and the renown of your actions, thoſe ſentiments of friendſhip with which you are honoured by this auguſt princeſs.

The chevalier's departure was unanimouſly fixed for the next morning. Never did I paſs a more cruel day. The force I put upon myſelf, to ſupport the courage of the chevalier, was an addition to my ſufferings. At length the fatal moment arrived. I granted him leave to write to me. At parting I cut off a lock of my hair, and putting it into a diamond ring, which I generally wore,—think ſometimes, ſaid I, on a woman, whoſe unhappineſs, and whoſe boaſt it is to have loved you. He ſeized my hand, which he bathed with his tears. He was forced into the coach. It drove off.

Then, freed from my reſtraint, I gave vent to my grief. My ſituation was indeed cruel. In the bloom of youth I loſt the man who was abſolute maſter of my heart; and I felt in myſelf a proudneſs of ſoul that forbad me ever to love another, and which, whilſt it forced me to admire the conduct of the chevalier's father, could not prevent me from being ſecretly hurt at his prefering the fortune of his ſon, to the honour of an alliance with

with me. Now that age has matured my reaſon, and calmed my paſſions, I perceive theſe deluſions of pride, and confeſs I judged wrongly of the Prince de ***. But thus does paſſion reaſon; and who doubts the pride of blood to be the moſt unjuſt of all the paſſions?

The day after the chevalier's departure, I wrote to his father in the following terms,

"Prince,

Your ſon is now on his voyage to Malta. To ſay that, is to proclaim him worthy of you; is to convince you that you have done me juſtice. Heaven ordained me to be born the daughter of a ſovereign, but to poſſeſs nothing but my virtues. Had I a throne, I ſhould not have heſitated to place your ſon on it. The qualities of the heart are what determine my choice. I do not, however, refuſe the title of daughter which you give me. It will always give me pleaſure to be adopted by one of the worthieſt men in Europe.

I am, your's,
Maria Cecilia."

This letter eaſed me a little. I had balanced accounts with my pride, and that left one weight the leſs on my heart. Emilia, Salmoni, and the ambaſſador took

took every method to divert my attention. Icoglan, who had accompanied the chevalier as far as Civita Vecchia, out of friendſhip, returned the third day. He had ſeen him depart. He did not quit the ſhore till he had entirely loſt ſight of the galley. This amiable young man had conceived ſo ſtrong an attachment to the chevalier, he deſcribed his laſt adieus with ſo much truth, and, at the ſame time, ſuch a delicate attention to my grief, that my friendſhip for him was greatly heightened. He has ſince merited, by very conſiderable ſervices, the confidence with which I then honoured him. He gave me a letter from the chevalier, in which was his portrait, which he entreated me to accept. This reſemblance of one ſo dear to me, opened afreſh the wounds of my heart.

I remained ſome mon[illegible] that ſtate of melancholy which is [illegible] effect of great paſſions. I fre[illegible] received letters from the chev[illegible] nform-ed me that the hour [illegible]ing his vows was approaching. I paſſed my days in anſwering him, exhorting him to have courage, and endeavouring to confirm him in the noble ſtep he had taken. I own I wiſhed for that hour with impatience. It ſeemed as if my pains would be

be ſoftened, and my ſorrow expire, when hope ſhould be no more. How fallacious is this reaſoning of lovers! The ſo much wiſhed for moment at laſt arrived, and then was I a thouſand times more wretched than before. But to go on with events in their proper order, I muſt firſt relate my departure from Rome, which was much nearer at hand than I expected.

CHAP. XI.

Maria Cecilia invited to France.—Quits Rome.

SINCE the chevalier's departure, I had led a very retired life. The ambaſſador, Salmoni, his wife, and Icoglan, were my ſole ſociety. With them I was under no reſtraint. I wept at my eaſe, I talked of my lover; nor were they tired with liſtening to me. One day I had dined alone, the ambaſſador having dined with the ambaſſador of France. In the evening I was ſurprized to ſee the latter coming to viſit me, with his gueſt.—Princeſs, ſaid the repreſentative of Malta, the French ambaſſador is come to requeſt the honour

of

of ſupping with you, which I have flattered him you will not refuſe. I am in your houſe, replied I; but ſince you permit me to ſpeak as in my own, it will certainly do me pleaſure. Yes, ſir, addreſſing myſelf to the ambaſſador of France, I ſhall always willingly receive the viſit of a man of your merit, and the miniſter of ſo great a king.

The converſation, at firſt, turned on indifferent ſubjects, till the departure of ſome knights of Malta, who were then at the ambaſſador's; political news; the feaſts that had been celebrated at Verſailles on the majority of Louis XV. the miniſtry retained at that period by the regent. At length the knights took leave, and we were left alone. The Malteſe ambaſſador opened the converſation.—Notwithſtanding the regret I feel, madam, at loſing the honour of dedicating my ſervices to you, I am not aſtoniſhed that the greateſt princes in Europe are eager to offer you an aſylum in their courts. I ought to have expected that ſo great a princeſs could not long remain unknown, and that I muſt one day yield to others the valuable privilege of ſerving you.—Yes, madam, ſaid the ambaſſador of France, I have to day received a letter from Monſieur, the regent, charging me to requeſt you to re-

pair

pair to Paris, and to offer you, in the name of the king, my maſter, his protection, and his court for your retreat. You will there receive all the honours due to you; and the government will take upon itſelf all the expence of your journey. The requeſt is not leſs honourable than advantageous to you; and Monſieur, the regent, engages me to neglect nothing that can contribute to induce you to yield to his obliging invitation.

Though I am ſenſible, ſir, anſwered I, of all the honour done me by ſuch an offer, it is impoſſible for me to give a deciſive anſwer immediately; I muſt requeſt a day to determine.—The ambaſſador made a low bow, and we paſſed into the ſupper room.

When the miniſter of France was withdrawn, I aſked the ambaſſador's advice. It is evident, ſaid he, that there is ſome political motive in this ſtep of the French court; but, conſidering the preſent ſituation of affairs in Europe, its view can only be to render itſelf more agreeable to the Ottoman Porte. Doubt not but your illuſtrious father is ---ll acquainted with the leaſt ſtep you ake; and the intereſts of his crown not ermitting him to employ either force ſtratagem to recover you, he will be eaſed with thoſe powers who are eager

eager to afford you protection. His alliance is not indifferent to the balance of Europe; and I will confeſs to you, that had I been of the council of the court of Vienna, I would have exerted my power to induce the emperor to draw you to his court, and, by your preſence, give peace to the empire, which muſt be heartily weary of its long war with the Turks. Who knows whether it be not the deſign of France, whoſe intereſts are at variance with thoſe of the houſe of Auſtria, to prevent this? Whatever it be, were I in your place I ſhould not heſitate. You have nothing to fear. You are going to live with a free, loyal, and generous people, who would frequently rather fail of a political meaſure, than be guilty of a treacherous one. Every unfortunate ſovereign has been ſenſible of this; and the court of France is the only one that can, with juſtice, ſtyle herſelf the ſanctuary of kings. Whilſt I ſpeak thus, do not look on me as the miniſter of a foreign ſtate: I ſpeak as a man who judges of a nation by its virtues, and not from the teſtimony of other natic whom political motives may induc ſlander it.

If pleaſures, the charms of ſoc and eſpecially the reſpect paid to yc

ſex, are of any weight with you, you will no where meet them in a higher degree. You will reſide in a court, whoſe ſovereign is young, and which, of courſe, muſt abound with pleaſures; whoſe miniſter is famed for his gallantry, and where beauty is adored. In fine, with a people who, poſſeſſing all the good qualities of every other nation, exceed them in politeneſs. Beſides, what riſque do you run whilſt your father is alive? (Pardon this language of truth and friendſhip). You will always be an object of ſufficient importance in Europe, for all its different powers to have their eyes upon you; nor will they permit that, which ſhall have the honour of poſſeſſing you, to commit the ſlighteſt infringement of the rights of hoſpitality.

Salmoni and his wife, whom the ambaſſador had admitted to this council, were of his opinion; and added, that in France I ſhould be more ſecure againſt the enterprizes of Conſtantinople, than in Italy, from the latter's proximity to Turkey; whilſt its princes, much leſs ---verful, were more expoſed to have ir rights violated with impunity by n like Achmet.

t neir united advice determined me. nieſs too, that ſince the departure

of the Chevalier de ***, Rome was become inſupportable to me; and, in ſecret, I was not diſpleaſed at having ſo good a pretext to quit the palace of the Malteſe ambaſſador, without being liable to be taxed with fickleneſs or ingratitude.

The next day I wrote to the ambaſſador of France.

" Sir,

I accept the offer you yeſterday made me in the name of your court. The tenth of next month I have fixed for my departure. You may inform your ſovereign, that I ſhall viſit, with pleaſure, one of the greateſt princes in the world, and a people of whom I have never heard ſpeak but with praiſe. If God do not otherwiſe decree, I will embark at Leghorn, or Genoa, on board an armed veſſel: the reaſons muſt be obvious to you. Two friends, a young man, who is a ſubject of the ſultan, my father, and three domeſtics, will be all my retinue. From the port at which I land, I ſhall travel to Paris by ſhort ſtages: this my health requires.

I am, ſir,

yours,

Maria ...

The ambaſſador immediately ſen... a letter of congratulation and obedi

He informed me, that he ſhould immediately diſpatch a courier to acquaint the duke of Orleans with my determination. He then requeſted permiſſion to make me a public viſit in the evening, which I granted.

At this viſit I clearly perceived that the court of France had a political reaſon, which ſhe wiſhed to conceal from other powers. After the uſual ceremonies, the ambaſſador, in the preſence of a circle of three or fourſcore people, expreſſed himſelf thus:—The king, my maſter, madam, having learnt that you had an intention of viſiting his dominions, has ordered me to acquaint you, that you will be received in them with all the honours due to your high birth, and that he is deſirous of procuring you every thing that can render your journey agreeable.—

I readily caught the hint, and anſwered, that I ſhould always receive, with acknowledgment, any marks of kindneſs from ſo great a monarch. He then aſked what time I had fixed for my departure, and what route I propoſed

I felt that the publicneſs of queſtion might make a poſitive or ſomewhat dangerous. I evaded refore, by ſaying, that I imagined uld not be in leſs than [illegible] onths;

but that, at all adventures, I ſhould take the rout of Mount Cenis. My eyes were fixed on the ambaſſador, and I ſaw that he readily ſeized the meaning of my anſwer.

The next day I wrote to my dear chevalier, and acquainted him with what had occurred. I was going to a court where I ſhould ſee his father. I felt a kind of pride in exhibiting myſelf to that nobleman with all my virtues, in loading him with my friendſhip, and thus avenging myſelf of that kind of ſlight which he had ſeemed to ſhow me; for, I repeat it, I had at that time the weakneſs to conſider his conduct as an inſult. I, however, wiſhed to know how the chevalier would have me behave towards his father; and, concealing from him my ſentiments in this point, the only one in which he ſaw not the bottom of my ſoul, I acquainted him with the plan of conduct I had laid down for myſelf, without diſcloſing to him its object. He approved it altogether. He gave me the character of his father, ſuch as, indeed, he really was; ſuch as I found him to b. of the ſorrows he has occaſioné ſedate, generous, beneficent, a father, and well deſerving all

teem, if an unhappy paſſion had not forced me to hate him.

Whilſt I remained at Rome, I frequently ſaw the French ambaſſador, who gave me all the information of which I ſtood in need, in a country where every thing I was about to ſee would be new to me. The day of my departure came. My ſeparation from the ambaſſador of Malta was painful. I had conceived for him the tendereſt reſpect. He was a worthy old man, who had arrived at the firſt dignities of his order, equally dear to his comrades, and eſteemed by ſtrangers. In him were diſplayed that loyalty and ſincere love for religion, which were poſſeſſed by thoſe ancient knights, who had ſo often contended with my anceſtors; and he was well formed to impreſs an high idea of that auguſt order, of which he was a member. He offered me, in the name of the grand-maſter, a ſuperb ſervice o ſilver gilt, as an acknowledgement f having preferred his miniſter, to take reſidence with. To this he adc a valuable diamond, in his own r me, t convince me how ſenwas honour I had done

y tears on both ſides, we I bad him a laſt adieu.

Laſt, for death ſoon after put an end to his virtuous career. Two gentlemen of the French embaſſy accompanied me to Leghorn, by order of the ambaſſador. Two carriages, and three domeſtics on horſeback, were all my retinue. I uſually occupied one, with Madame Salmoni and her ſpouſe: Icoglan, and two women in my ſervice, were in the other: the two gentlemen were in a carriage of the ambaſſador's. On my arrival at Leghorn, I found a veſſel of fifty guns waiting for me. The gentlemen preſented me to the captain and officers; and having, in the name of their ſovereign, committed me to their care, they took leave of me, to return to Rome.

The next day I went on board. On my entering the veſſel I was ſaluted with one and twenty guns. In France the honours paid to women are no conſidered as of conſequence, and are always placed to the account of the gallantry of the nation. Nothing could exhibit a more delighful ſight than thi veſſel, which was ſuperbly decorated with rich waſte and quarter-cloths. The captain gave me a magnificent entertain. to which he had invited all the pe of diſtinction in Leghorn. Here I n knew thoſe delicate attentions, th refin

refined civilities, to our ſex, which the French diſplay in ſo high a degree. I then perceived, that a number of agreeable tints, which I had perceived in the character of the Chevalier de * * *, were owing to his nation: and it muſt be confeſſed, that, if we ſeek the French only for the pleaſure of their ſociety, we ſhall ſeldom have reaſon to complain. The captain did the honours of his veſſel with all the gallantry imaginable. In the evening, the wind not being fair, I returned on ſhore.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

MARIA CECILIA:

OR,

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF THE DAUGHTER OF

ACHMET III.

EMPEROR OF THE TURKS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:
for P. BYRNE, P. WOGAN, J. MOORE,
ONES, J. HALPEN, and J. ARCHER.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

MARIA CECILIA.

CHAP. XII.

Effects of jealouſy.—Adventures at a Ball.—Maria Cecilia leaves Italy.

THE wind continuing contrary, the citizens of Leghorn, in honour to me, and to return the politeneſs of the French officers, invited me to an elegant ſupper, which they gave in the ſaloon of the theatre; which was followed by a maſked ball, that all the city might have the pleaſure of ſeeing me. I can ſcarce recall to my memory this ball, without being tempted to laugh at a pleaſant adventure, which happened to poor icoglan, and which, at firſt, us ſome uneaſineſs.

have already ſaid, that this young n was of a very pleaſing figure, and

of

of an agreeable and lively diſpoſition, which made him readily give into any frolic. This humour had like to have coſt him dear. The maſqued ball falling in with his taſte extremely. he dreſſed himſelf as a Turkiſh woman. Some rich and elegant dreſſes of their faſhion, which Emilia had preſerved more from curioſity than any other motive, anſwered his purpoſe exactly. Emilia made no ſcruple to lend him one of them. To this ſhe had added all her diamonds. Icoglan was little for a man, pretty, and had but little beard, though by birth an Aſiatic: he had, beſides, very beautiful hair, and a ſingular art of diſpoſing it in a manner the moſt advantageous to his perſon. He was known by no one but us; and, whether on this account, or from a coquetry of diſpoſition, he did not think fit to put on a maſk. The ball commenced at ſix in the evening. I had ſcarce been there an hour, when Icoglan entered in all his ſplendour. I knew him inſtantly; but Madame Salmoni, who flattered herſelf it would afford ſome amuſement, made me promiſe not to diſcover him. This I did without repugnance, as I conſidered a very innocent frolic. On entering the ball-room, he came and ſaluted me the Turkiſh manner: this I returned

a ſligh

a ſlight inclination of the head. His pleaſing figure, the richneſs of his dreſs, and its faſhion, which was new to the whole aſſembly, attracted every eye. I was aſked, if it were a woman of my ſuite: I ſimply anſwered yes. This contributed to increaſe the notice taken of him. There was not a ſingle gentleman but ſought the honour of dancing with him. He acquitted himſelf extremely well; and this ſtill heightened the attention paid him. What aided the deception, was his having been prevented, by a ſlight indiſpoſition, from accompanying us on board the frigate the day before; ſo that he was perfectly a ſtranger to every one. As this deception amuſed me infinitely, I took care not to remove it. They paid me the honour to requeſt that I would name what ladies I choſe to admit to ſup with me: ſenſible of this mark of reſpect, I requeſted that no diſtinction might be made. At ten o'clock we adjourned to a magnificent ſaloon, where a cloth was laid with a hundred and fifty covers. It was entirely for ladies. As I would make no choice, Icoglan, in his female chat, took his place at it. Amongſt number of admirers, which his ma had attracted, the duke de d made himſelf moſt con-

ſpicuous

ſpicuous, and Icoglan had even appeared to ſhow him a preference. The duke was of his own age, and of an agreeable figure, and danced like an angel: theſe reſemblances eaſily drew them to each other. I perceived that the princeſs P * * * was not pleaſed with it; ſhe was a lady of forty. An Italian nobleman remarked to me her jealouſy. He told me, that the duke was not wealthy: that this lady, who had an immenſe fortune, was very much in love with him: that a marriage between them was on the point of being concluded: and that the hope of a brilliant fortune made the duke overlook diſparity of age. This converſation took place during ſupper. I then told him frankly who it was. He laughed heartily at the deception. In a moment every one at the ball knew that Icoglan was a man in diſguiſe, except the duke, whom we did not undeceive, in order to amuſe ourſelves with his miſtake, and the princeſs, who was not much liked, that we might enjoy the ſcene of her jealouſy.

Icoglan, who ſoon perceived that every one was in the ſecret, and to whom the ſcene of courſe became moleſting, played his part to perfection. He was not deficient in penetration: I ſaw the jealouſy of the

knew I it muſt heighten the pleaſantry o the ſpectators. The duke had never quitted him: he ſerved him at table with all the attention of a lover. Icoglan, on his ſide, let no opportunity eſcape of ſhowing a preference to him. Stolen glances, ſpeaking ſmiles, all the delicate arts of coquetry, were played off with the ſkill of the moſt experienced female. After ſupper the ball was recommenced; they danced together again for ſome time. There was a prodigious company preſent, and it was eaſy to loſe objects in the crowd. About three o'clock, finding myſelf a little fatigued, I propoſed to withdraw. I deſired Ulmoſſi to inform Icoglan that I was g ing. In vain he ſought him; he was not to be found. He came to tell me o it. It did not diſturb me, as I imag ned that the young man, tired with danci g, had retired. I had a little before o ſerved the duke and the princeſs in a l ox; and remarked a little alteration the duke's countenance, and a certa... air of triumph in that of the princeſs. I attributed both to Icoglan's departure, and, at that moment, did not at all doubt his being returned to the palace, at which I reſided. When I was preparing to depart unperceived, that I might not interrupt the ball, the duke

duke was near me.—You are ſeparated from your conqueſt, then? ſaid I.—I believe, princeſs, anſwered he, that ſhe is, indeed, withdrawn; but if I were permitted to conſider her under the title your excellence has juſt given her in jeſt, I ſhould have little reaſon to be pleaſed; and her haſty diſappearance would convince me, that ſhe had not been very ſenſible to my attentions.—I would not have you, ſaid I, ſmiling, throw away upon her any very deep ſighs.—The young nobleman, who did not underſtand the true meaning of the words, anſwered very politely.—It is difficult not to regret being ſeparated from any one who has the happineſs to belong to your excellence.—He led me to my carriage, and we returned to the palace.

At my arrival I learnt that Icoglan had not made his appearance. At this I was a little ſurpriſed. However, as he was a youth of great ſobriety, I was not much alarmed. Salmoni, who was better acquainted with Italian diſpoſitions than I, did not appear quite ſo much at eaſe. He could not have had a greater affection for him, had he his ſon: I alſo had a great regard for him. I endeavoured to remove Salmoni's fears.—All the company, ſaid

We

were in the ſecret. Is it not probable that the young officers of the veſſel, who knew that he belongs to me, have drawn him into ſome party, or perhaps carried him on board? They might have thought that a mark of friendſhip to him would be agreeable to me. Tell him, however, when you ſee him, that theſe modes of abſenting himſelf diſpleaſe me, and I know it will never happen again.—My tranquillity calmed Salmoni's mind: I diſmiſſed him, and retired to reſt.

I was ſtill in a profound ſleep, when Salmoni entered my chamber: It was only eight o'clock. After offering his excuſes for having diſturbed me, he told me, that, notwithſtanding the earlineſs of the hour, the duke de Med*** earneſtly requeſted to ſpeak with me, and that, unable to refuſe his preſſing ſolicitations, he had ventured to my apartment.—I am perſuaded, added he, that it is concerning Icoglan; for he is not yet returned.—I ſlipt on a robe-de-chambre, and deſired that the duke would enter.—Pardon my boldneſs, madam, ſaid he, entering; but you ſee a man diſtracted. You have but too well read my heart: I confeſs I adore the lovely Turk who is in your ſuite; but we are, perhaps, on the point of loſing her

her for ever.—How? cried I—By the horrible jealouſy of the princeſs P***. She has cauſed her to be carried off this night; and there are no lengths to which ſhe is not capable of going. I could not help burſting into violent fit of laughter at theſe words. The duke ſtood fixed with aſtoniſhment. Reflecting, however, that the young man might run ſome danger,—I am vexed ſaid I, for the princeſs, as the laug. will no doubt be againſt her. Know, hat this pretended rival, who has gi n ſuch alarms to the princeſs, is a yo g man in my ſuite.—Is it poſſible? cried the duke.—Very poſſible, replied I. We muſt, however, think of procuring the poor captive his liberty: but it muſt be done ſo as to conceal, as much as poſſible, the ridiculouſneſs of th adventure.—

I immediately charged Salm- ni to go to the princeſs from me, to r ueſt to ſpeak to her in private, to explain to her the jeſt ingenuouſly, to aſſure her that I had no concern in it, tha I ſuppoſed her to be acquainted w h it as well as the reſt of the compa and to beg that ſhe would reſtore a belonged to me. Salmoni d deſired the duke to withdr other apartment, till I v

rejoin

rejoined him. We took chocolate together: we talked over the ſtory of the night: he turned off the joke with a laugh; and I agreed that his being caught was very excuſable.

Salmoni ſoon returned. He informed us, that the princeſs had ſet off, at five o'clock in the morning, in a coach and ſ : that he had in vain interrogated her ſervants, none of whom would give any information; though, from the embarraſſed manner in which they anſwered him, he doubted not that they had i heir power. He had, beſides, notic.., in the court of the princeſs's hotel, a berlin covered with dirt, the horſe of which, reeking with ſweat, were unharneſſing, and which was apparen e carriage that had carried off t poor Icoglan in the night.

Th affair now appeared to me more ſerio was grieved to ſee that this miſta ld make a noiſe, which muſt inevi over the princeſs with ridicule, ... I had wiſhed to avoid.—How did y i diſcover this affair? ſaid I to the d ke.—From one of the princeſs's ſerva ho is entirely devoted to me: ...ret was ſo well kept, that he me of the place deſ- ...or the reception of her prize.— a long conſultation, I ſaw no ſtep we

we could take to deliver poor Icoglan, but addreſſing myſelf to the chief magiſtrate of Leghorn, and complaining of the inſult that had been offered me in the perſon of a man who belonged to me, when, on a ſudden, we heard the noiſe of a carriage in the court of the palace. Salmoni, running to a window, cried out,—There he is!—He flew to meet him, and a moment after preſented to us Icoglan, who, in Sultana's habit, entered ſmiling, and ſaid to me, with an air of gaiety, but at the ſame time reſpectful,—Pardon, princeſs, the uneaſineſs which I have no doubt given you, but it was the fault of my charms, and that fatal gift had like to have coſt me dear. Your dream, ſir, ſaid he to the duke, appears to be vaniſhed as well as mine; and I need not fear appearing before you with my dreſs a little deranged: one who has the happineſs to attract your notice however, runs great riſques, I think.

We could not avoid laughing at this ſally of Icoglan: his preſence had reſtored our ſpirits; and we were eager to inquire what adventures he had met with. I will ſatisfy your curioſity, ſaid he; but firſt permit me to take ſome late, as I am half dead with fatigue, hunger, and even a little fear; for I

ſu

ſure you, I did not paſs all the night in merriment. When he had taken his chocolate, he began thus.

I had ſcarce left off dancing with you, ſir, addreſſing himſelf to the duke, when a well-dreſſed man whiſpered me, that one of my friends from Rome wiſhed to ſpeak to me, and not willing to enter the ball-room in his travelling dreſs, requeſted me to ſtep out for a minute. I knew that my ſex was a ſecret only to you and the princeſs P***, and of courſe was not in the leaſt ſurpriſed at this propoſal, which certainly would not have been made to a woman. I went out, therefore, without any miſtruſt. The man who had ſpoken to me offered me his arm, which I accepted with a coquettiſh air. When we had paſſed the outer gallery, I aſked where the p rſon was.—Only a ſtep or two off, anſw ed the man.—Scarce had I ſet my foot on the ſteps which led to the ſtreet, when four men, maſqued, ſeized me: and he who accompanied me, putting a handkerchief into my mouth, and tying it be ind my head, prevented me from out. They then forced me into dſome carriage with ſix horſes. My luctor placed himſelf by my ſide, two of the men in maſques on the ont ſeat. I confeſs, at firſt, I was a little

little alarmed, fearing that the richneſs of my dreſs had tempted ſome thieves to this exploit; but the elegance of the carriage, and the ducal coronet, which I perceived on it, removed my apprehenſions. I naturally gueſſed that it was an affair of gallantry; and I muſt own, ſir, I gave you the honour of the adventure; laughing to myſelf at the humorous concluſion that ſuch an expedition, new in the annals of intrigue, would produce. The reſpect of my conductors confirmed me in my error. The handkerchief was removed from my mouth very ſoon after I had entered the coach, and the two men unmaſked. The firm perſuaſion I had that they were acting by your orders, reſtored my gaiety, and I entered into converſation with them. They were ſilent only with reſpect to my deſtination: Our diſcourſe was very jocular: and if, during this ſhort journey, they took me for a woman, they muſt have thought me not very reſerved. At length we arrived, about day-break, at a ſuperb country ſeat. They made me alight, and enter a magnificent chamber.—Here then, ſaid I, bu
out into a laugh, am I to receive
conqueror. The denouement will
pleaſant.—Will he be ſoon here?
Who?—The duke.—I doubt your ſee

in

ing the duke to day.—This anſwer put me out of humour. I thought on the fright my abſence would occaſion. I feared, too, that the wind might change, and the veſſel put to ſea. I aſked for pen, ink, and paper, they were refuſed me. I was going to fly into a paſſion, when my conductors ſaid, in a few minutes you will ſee one who will ſatisfy all your demands. This aſſurance quieted me. A baſon of ſoup was brought me: I took it, and began again to laugh with my keepers.

About ſix o'clock we heard a carriage enter the court.—The devil! ſaid one of my keepers, the princeſs is come ſooner than I expected: jealouſy has certainly almoſt turned her brain.—The prince s? cried I.—Certainly. You are in the houſe of the Princeſs P***.—I now perceived all the danger of my ſituati n. In an inſtant ſhe entered like a fury —Now, wretch! thou art in my power. Nothing hinders me from ſacrificing thee this inſtant; but, to glut my revenge, I will reſerve that ſight for thy baſe lover.—I ſtood immoveable as a ſtatue, at theſe words. To diſcover who I was, would have expoſed me to another danger. She might, perhaps, inſtantly ſacrifice me to her reputation, which

which would ſuffer much from ſuch a ſtory, if it got abroad.

She immediately called one of her women, and ordered a bath to be prepared for her. Whilſt this was doing, ſhe loaded me with invectives, for a quarter of an hour. At length ſhe quitted the room where I was, to go to the bath; pulled the door violently after her, double locked it, and went away.

It was with difficulty I could recollect myſelf after what had paſſed. I ſtood ſome time fixed to the ſpot where chance had placed me: at laſt my courage returned. I was on the ground floor. Hearing no perſon ſtirring, I gueſſed that every one was taking reſt after the fatigues of the night. I opened ſoftly one of the windows, which looked into the garden. I ſtole gently out of it, fortunately gained the adjoining park, ran acroſs it, and found myſelf in a high road which is contiguous to it.

Eſcaped thus from my firſt danger, I was ſenſible of the one to which my dreſs expoſed me. I began, therefore, to take off my diamonds, and put them into my pocket: then giving myſelf up to the direction of Providence, I followed the road without knowing whither I led. After walking about a quarter of an hour, I heard a carriage. It was empt

empty. I aſked the driver to what place he was going. He anſwered to Leghorn. I requeſted him to convey me thither: but the ſtate in which he ſaw me made him heſitate. A few ſequins removed his ſcruples. I got into the carriage.—I fled as faſt as poſſible from the poniards of Madame P***: and here I am arrived ſafe.

As Icoglan's dangers were over, we laughed heartily at his adventure. It cured the duke of his inclination to eſpouſe the princeſs. His family was inferior to few; he had great expectations, and could not, therefore, fail of a ſuitable match; not ſo rich, perhaps, but which would contribute more to his happineſs. He wiſhed to quit Leghorn, and accompany us to France, that the adventure might blow over. To this he aſked my permiſſion, which I readily gave. His love for the falſe ſultana, changed to the tendereſt friendſhip for Icoglan. They were of the ſame age, both extremely gay, and of the beſt diſpoſition: it was natural, therefore, for them to form an intimate connexion. We a-reed to conceal the hiſtory of the prin-s P***'s jealouſy, as much as poſ-e; but our precautions were vain. glan appeared the ſame day at Leg-n in his own dreſs. He contributed

ſo much to the amuſement of every one at the ball, that all were careſſing him. The princeſs, enraged at the eſcape of her prey, diſmiſſed ſome of her ſervants on the occaſion. They recollected Icoglan, and ſpread every where the ſtory of his being carried off; ſo that, in ſpite of our cautions, the princeſs became the talk of the whole city. This is the conſequence of our paſſions, when not under the reſtraint of reaſon. Happy for us, when their ill-effects are confined to ridicule!

I met with no difficulty in prevailing on the captain of the French frigate to take on board the duke of Med***. His preparations for the voyage were ſoon made. Icoglan aſſiſted him. One morning a gun fired from the frigate informed us that ſhe would, according to all appearance, ſail in the courſe of the day. The duke de Med*** gave me and the French officers a delightful breakfaſt, in a charming pleaſure houſe, which he had on the ſea-ſhore. We had plenty of time, as the captain would not ſet ſail till the wind appeared ſettled, that I might not be expoſed to the inconveniences of the ſea more than was neceſſary. At length he informed me that it was proper to embrace that which now offered. We went in the pinnace

on board the frigate, which, having already got under way, lay to for us.

CHAP. XIII.

Landing of Maria Cecilia at Toulon.—Arrival at Paris.

WE had a very pleaſant paſſage, and in four days arrived at Toulon. I thanked the officers of the French frigate for their attention to me, and, finding carriages waiting, I made but little ſtay and ſet off for Paris. We travelled by ſhort ſtages, as I have before obſerved was my intention. Out of civility I had admitted the duke de Med * * * into my carriage, yet I had not done ſo without a kind of reluctance. I could eaſily perceive that his attentions to me were ſomething more than ſimple politeneſs, and the ſituation of my heart did not permit me to be ſenſible to a new paſſion. I thought, however, that madame Salmoni ſeemed to approve his ſhes. The duke was a man of conſiderable rank, and very amiable: he was

not rich, but his expectations were great; and I had a fortune ſufficient to enable us to wait patiently till they ſhould be fulfilled. Theſe were my friend's ideas. Her aim was to ſee me married according to my rank; and ſhe hoped that a new attachment, and the ties of matrimony, would entirely efface from my heart the remembrance of the Chevalier de * * *, who having now taken his vows, was altogether loſt to me. But love does not reaſon thus; nor is it to be extinguiſhed even by the loſs of hope.

I ſaw that there was a confederacy formed againſt me. The duke endeavoured to make himſelf appear to me in the moſt advantageous light; and I muſt do him the juſtice to own, that he merited the attachment of no common heart. Monſieur and Madame Salmoni were inceſſantly entertaining me with his good qualities, and all they had heard at Leghorn of his generoſity, courage, and nobleneſs of mind. They let no opportunity eſcape them of remarking to me his wit, the evenneſs of his temper, and the agreeableneſs of his company. As to Icoglan, his brain was turned with him: he never ſpoke [illegible] but with enthuſiaſm. I perceived the league againſt my liberty, and promiſed myſelf to hold firm. It was not long before

before an occaſion offered of explaining my ſentiments.

I ſpent a few days at Lyons, to reſt myſelf; and there, as every where elſe, I excited the public curioſity. I was loaded with honours and amuſements. In this city I firſt began truly to conceive an high idea of the wealth and power of the French empire, and the extreme politeneſs of that people. I had ſcarce time to form a wiſh, before that wiſh was accompliſhed in twenty different ways. I endeavoured to ſhew my gratitude to the inhabitants of Lyons, by appearing in public, at the walks, theatre, and aſſemblies, as much as poſſible. Every where I was received with acclamations: every where I experienced the gallantry of the French nation. After a fortnight's reſt I departed from Lyons: the preſſing ſolicitations I received, not permitting me to quit that city before.

During this interval the duke had declared himſelf. I anſwered him without anger, but with ſuch coolneſs as to leave him no great hope. Without leſſening his attentions to me, he had confined his paſſion to the ſtricteſt ſilence, or once mentioned it till we arrived at Fainbleau.

view that palace, which was built rancis I. I wiſhed to ſpend a day

there. I loved that king, who had formerly united his arms to thoſe of my anceſtors, and, on account of that alliance, was accuſed of hereſy, at a diet held in Germany, by his proud rival Charles V. I traverſed the apartments of the palace with the duke, and chance left me tete-a-tete with him.—This, ſaid the duke, was the abode of the moſt gallant man that ever exiſted. How happy was he in being a king! to be beloved, he had but to command.—Do you think, ſaid I, thoſe favours, for which we are indebted to power, and not inclination, are very agreeable to him who receives them? and would you be loved in that manner? It would be better than not to be loved at all, which is a torment I have experienced ever ſince I had the honour of knowing you. But muſt I give up all hope? and do you preſerve your heart for a rival, of whom I cannot even enjoy the pleaſure of being jealous, as he can no longer aſpire to your hand?—You do not ſhew much addreſs in recalling to my mind, what alone ſhuts my heart againſt you. Do not think it to be either hatred o indifference, that makes me reject you vows. I am ſenſible of your worth your only fault is having come the ſecond.—Heavens! I am but too happ

Yo

You do not hate me: leave me the pleaſing hope, that time may ſubdue the enemy that oppoſes me.—I wiſh it: but I am perſuaded I know my heart better than you: it is incapable of change.

How trifling a circumſtance can flatter a lover! Theſe few words, which, in reality, ought to have deſtroyed his hopes, had a contrary effect: they revived them. He had been ſad from Lyons to Fontainbleau: he now reſumed his gaiety; and I am obliged to confeſs, it was not eaſy to conceive a perſon to be more amiable. I then found that Salmoni and Emilia were entirely devoted to him: they ſhared his joy, and the latter afterwards ſpoke to me openly in his favour.

Is it poſſible, ſaid I, that you, who have loved with ſo much conſtancy, can imagine it to be ſo eaſy to change?—I had always hopes, ſaid ſhe, of again ſeeing Salmoni; but the Chevalier de * * * is for ever loſt to you.—That, ſaid I, weeping, is not a reaſon why I ſhould love another.—We neither of us convinced the other: but, to ſay the truth, we were neither of us aware of a circumſtance, hat placed a great difference between o hearts equally the victims of love. e was upwards of forty, I was but ghteen.

We at length arrived at Paris. I went to lodge at the *hotel de* * * *. The duke was very desirous of being in the same house; but I opposed it; and Emilia, so much his friend as she was, pointed out to him, that the care I ought to take of my reputation rendered it highly improper. He asked permission to visit me. To this I consented, as I could not refuse it to a man whom I had suffered to travel with me.

On our arrival at Toulon we were apprized of the death of the regent. I foresaw that his decease changing the political views of the court, I should remain in ignorance of the motives which had made him desirous of my residing in France, and I was not deceived. At the end of two months I was presented at court: but neither the king, nor the ministers, gave me the least hint of the secret springs which had given rise to the solicitations that induced me to undertake my journey to France. I had not, however, the less honour, respect, and attention, paid me: and all Paris, where mode is every thing, was mad after the handsome Turk for a few days, and then thought no more of her. My fortune putting me above the necessity of asking favours, I did not appear under the disagreeable character of an importunate perso

perſon, and of courſe met with more reſpect from the gr t. By degrees I ſaw myſelf falling into the rank of a wealthy individual, young and handſome, whoſe door fortune ſet open to people of diſtinction, yet who, confounded in the crowd, lived on a perfect equality with all thoſe to whom opulence gave the ſame rights. My pride did not altogether reliſh this equality. But ſuch is the capital of France, and the wife of a financier, who poſſeſſed a few millions more than I, had a right to beſplaſh me with the mud of her carriage. The pleaſures, however, with which Paris abounds, and which my youth permitted me to enjoy, forced me frequently to loſe ſight of that confuſion of ranks which vanity made me feel.

The prince de * * *, father of the chevalier, had not been one of the leaſt eager to ſee me. I received him as the parent of the only man I loved in the world. I conceived for him the tendereſt friendſhip. His appearance announced at once goodneſs of heart and nobleneſs of mind. His hair was white; and, notwithſtanding my antipathy to l men, the ſight of him, far from diſ afing, had inſpired me with the moſt ectionate confidence. It is true that, fty-five, he had none of the diſagree-

able marks of old age, except a certain air of gravity, which had hung over him ever ſince the death of the princeſs his ſpouſe, whom he paſſionately loved, and which threw into his countenance an appearance of moroſeneſs.

When he ſpoke to me, he appeared ſo affected with the oppoſition he had made to his ſon's love, and the pleaſure he would have received from his being happy with me; at the ſame time ſo clearly convincing me of the ſolidity of the political reaſons which had compelled him to oppoſe that union, reaſons founded not only on the fortune of his ſon, but alſo on my own intereſt, that I was compelled to acknowledge him to have acted moſt prudently. We mingled our tears together. He talked to me of his ſon with ſo much affection, that I loved him the more, and ſaw in him a father who would be dear to me whilſt I lived. I accuſtomed myſelf to beſtow on him the tendereſt careſſes; and I thought that I had omitted an eſſential duty, if I paſſed a day without viſiting him. Thus, from the pureſt motives, I unſuſpectingly prepared for myſelf the moſt cruel vexation I ever experienced.

He was not long without obſerving th aſſiduities of the duke de Med * * *

He mentioned it to me. I made no ſecret to him of the ſentiments of my heart, and the little progreſs the duke had made in my affections. He could not avoid blaming my coolneſs to the duke, whilſt he praiſed my fidelity to his ſon. He repreſented to me the advantage of ſuch an alliance, which would introduce me into a family related to the greateſt part of the ſovereigns in Europe; and he finiſhed by ſaying, with an emotion which I then attributed to the intereſt he took in my welfare, that he wiſhed to ſee me united to a man worthy of me, even at the expence of half his blood.

The two firſt years of my abode at Paris I ſpent in ſeeing all that city affords, and in every kind of pleaſure, that a ſelect ſociety, compoſed of the beſt company of the city and the court, could procure. I frequently went to Verſailles, and Louis XV. always received me with diſtinction: he gave not a ſingle entertainment to which I was uninvited. I led what may be called a moſt agreeable life. I had nothing to trouble me but the love of the duke, and that inceſſant repetition of ſpeeches of gallantry, with which the beaux of France make it their glory to load a pretty woman. Could they be ſenſible

their exiſtence is not leſs real. Of this I had too ſevere a proof. I could not caſt off a kind of melancholy, that, in ſpite of myſelf, lay heavy on my mind. I frequently aſcribed it to the ſituation of Emilia; but, on a ſtricter ſcrutiny, I felt, that it aroſe from a different ſource. It did not ſpring from diſappointed love; for when my imagination was employed on the chevalier, when I wrote to him, or received his letters, it ſenſibly diminiſhed, and thoſe moments were the ſweeteſt of my life. It was not diſguſt from being wearied with the paſſion of the duke; for, from the agreeableneſs of his diſpoſition, that was become much leſs inſupportable: and, if I did not love him, at leaſt I did not ſee him without a kind of pleaſure.' What then could occaſion this melancholy? I knew not myſelf. My ſpirits were involuntarily depreſſed, my eyes overflowed with tears, and I ſpent whole hours in an inconceivable ſtate of dejection. The phyſicians aſſerted, that I had the vapours; but I was of a different opinion. My health was not impaired, my appetite was good, and my complexion had loſt nothing of its freſhneſs: it could only be a moral cauſe, therefore, as difficult to inveſtigate as to cure.

I had another ſecret cauſe of diſquiet, that troubled me not a little, which I carefully locked up in my own breaſt. I had, for ſome time, remarked an extraordinary change in the prince de ***. He did not appear more cool in his behaviour to me, but more conſtrained. He no longer gave me the appellation of daughter without emotion; he ſeemed to fear the innocent careſſes I gave him. When I ſpoke to him of his ſon, he ſtill anſwered me with warmth of affection; but his eyes, in which rage was depicted, gave the lie to his mouth. If he found the duke with me, he became more grave; and I ſaw that it was difficult for him to behave with common politeneſs to that nobleman, for whom, at firſt, he had ſhewn the ſtrongeſt friendſhip. Some expreſſions, that dropped from him unawares, conveyed to my mind an information at which I ſhuddered. I perceived that I had excited in him a fatal paſſion, which had made this unhappy father become, againſt his will, the rival of his ſon.

This diſcovery made me tremble. Without daring to make a confidant of any one, I reſolved to give him no opportunity for an explanation. Whenever he viſited me, I took care not to alone; and Madame Salmoni's ill

ſtate

ſtate of health ſerving me for a pretext, I declined going abroad. Thus he had no reaſon to complain of my ſhunning his houſe.

He gueſſed, from this conduct, that I had diſcovered his ſentiments; but they had made too great a progreſs to be reſiſted; and I ſuſpected, from the ſtudied cautiouſneſs of his behaviour whenever he came to my houſe, that he meditated ſome project, of which, ſooner or later, I ſhould be the victim.

CHAP. XIV.

Attempt to carry off Maria Cecilia.

ABOUT this time an adventure happened that confined me more ſtrictly than ever. A lady of my acquaintance, almoſt the only one who was not kept at a diſtance by the gloomy air which pervaded my houſe, came to viſit me one morning. It was in the beginning of the ſummer.—I am going for a few days, ſaid ſhe, to a little bo which I have near the *bois de Boulogne* com

come and pass the day with me; it will amuse you.—I refused it a long time. At last, seeing that it would be by no means disagreeable to Madame Salmohi, I consented. The duke was at Versailles: Salmoni would not quit his wife. I told Icoglan, therefore, to join us, that we would expect him at dinner, and in the evening I would return with him.

We went in my friend's carriage. We found at her house no one but her husband, two other ladies of my acquaintance, and two gentlemen who had accompanied them. Icoglan arrived at one o'clock. Thus our company consisted of eight persons. My gaiety revived, and we spent the most agreeable day imaginable. Icoglan made us laugh till the tears came into our eyes. He mimicked, in the most whimsical manner, the old sultanas of the seraglio, their ridiculous pretensions to beauty, their affected airs of coquetry to fix the attention of the sultan, when by chance he passed by them. In the grimaces of Icoglan we recognised fifty Parisian dames, who still exhibited their charms, and endeavoured to catch admirers, though far in the wane of life. Icoglan did not put himself into a single attitude but we exclaimed,—See the old countess

counteſs de B. the duchefs de J. the preſident de Ch.—The day ſeemed to us all, indeed, but a ſingle minute.

When the evening approached, I prepared to depart; but they preſſed me ſo much to ſtay ſupper, that I could not refuſe.—My carriage is at your ſervice, ſaid the lady of the houſe, ſince you are determined to return to Paris this evening.—I knew that Salmoni and Emilia would not be uneaſy, as my friend had told them, that, at any rate, I ſhould not return till after ſupper. This was not ſpent leſs pleaſantly than the reſt of the day. It was prepared in the garden, under a bower of honey-ſuckles, and friendſhip and freedom gave it a zeſt. At ten I looked at my watch: I obſerved to my friend, that it was late, and requeſted her to let the carriage be got ready.—How ſilly! ſaid one of the ladies: it is the fineſt night, and the moon ſhines ſo pleaſantly, let us accompany her; it will be a walk for us.—Every one eagerly embraced the propoſal, and we gaily aroſe from the table. Croſſing the garden, Icoglan, always merry, made a very low bow to the moon. We aſked what new whim had now ſeized him.—I bow to her ladyſhip, ſaid he, becau ſhe is juſt in the ſame place as ſhe w the evening of your quitting the ſer

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lib; and ſurely ſhe deſerves a little compliment for having procured us, by lighting you on your flight, the honour of having ſupped this evening with you. I am moſt indebted to her, indeed; for if we had both remained in Turkey, there is little reaſon to ſuppoſe that I ſhould ever have had the honour of ſitting at table with you. For ſuch a favour, it is but juſt that I ſhould drink a bumper to her health.—This ſet us all laughing afreſh: every one following Icoglan's example, drank a health to the moon, and we took the road to Paris in a merry mood.

My friends accompanied me to the end of *Cours-la-Reine*. I then requeſted that they would go no farther, as they had ſome diſtance to return home, and I had but a ſtep. (In fact I had only to croſs the *Place Vendome*, and ſhould be at home in an inſtant). Obſerving, that Icoglan was with me, and I had nothing to fear. We took leave of each other, and ſeparated, Icoglan giving me his arm.

We had ſcarcely taken fifty ſteps, when two tall men paſſed us. One of iem ſaid to the other, *it is ſhe*; and the tter immediately ſeizing me, lifted me om the ground, and was running off th me. I ſhrieked out. Icoglan, who was

was extremely active, drew his ſword, and ran the man through, who falling, dragged me with him. The other, who had nothing but a poniard, rushed on Icoglan like a madman, to revenge his comrade. He adroitly parried all his thruſts, without retiring from me, and would have ſoon diſpatched him; but two of the gentlemen who had ſupped with us, hearing my cries, ran to us, on which he took to his heels. The reſt of the company coming up, I was ſoon recovered. They examined the man that Icoglan had killed, and he recollected him to be one of the Turks, whom he had before obſerved. We were ſenſible of the danger we had run. We did not tarry long on the ſpot, to avoid the trouble this affair would have occaſioned us, if the guard had come by.

When we got home, we related to Salmoni what had happened, and agreed to conceal it from his wife, whom Icoglan's former ſuſpicions had but too ſtrongly affected. I ordered horſes to be put to a carriage for the ladies, who would not quit me till they ſaw me ſafe home. One of the gentlemen had the goodneſs to conduct Icoglan to a place of ſafety; and my friend's huſband w himſelf to the officer of the police, whom he related the affair. That n

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giſtrate iſſued his orders immediately to apprehend the companions of the dead man, and particularly him who aſſiſted in the attempt to take me away. There were five of them: they were all taken; but I have never heard ſince what became of them. The lieutenant of the police wrote to me the next day, that I might make myſelf perfectly eaſy; that he would anſwer with his life for my having nothing to fear; and that the young man, who had ſo bravely defended me, might again appear in Paris without dread of any inquiries being made, as the perſon killed was not a ſubject of the king of France. Thus terminated an affair which had given me ſome reaſon to be alarmed.

The news ſoon ſpread over all Paris; and nothing was talked of, for ſome days, but the carrying away the Turkiſh princeſs. The prince de * * * flew to my houſe; and the terror which this adventure gave him would have betrayed his ſecret, had I not already gueſſed it. He was for going inſtantly to Verſailles, to requeſt of the king that a guard might be appointed for me: and
at thoſe, who, having the charge of
e police, had not taken ſufficient care
my ſafety, might be puniſhed: in
that the magiſtrate, who had thus
ſuffered

ſuffered the laws of hoſpitality to be violated in my perſon, ſhould be diſmiſſed from his office. I had all the difficulty imaginable to reſtrain his zeal; but I could not avoid an explanation; and the converſation introducing it in ſpite of me, I was obliged to hear a declaration of his love. I tried all the powers of reaſon, honour and friendſhip, to ſtifle in him a paſſion, which I could never return, and which was ſo much the more affronting to me, as I knew that he could not offer me his hand, his immenſe fortune being almoſt wholly dependant on his not marrying again; and thus he could not do it without robbing his children, and particularly his eldeſt ſon, the idol and hope of his family, of an eſtate to which they had the moſt undoubted right.

I ſaw a man in deſpair. He felt all the force of my reaſoning; but he was under the maſtery of an unſurmountable paſſion, whoſe violence made me tremble. At length convinced, that prayers, gentleneſs, and even careſſes, were vain, and ſeeing that he carried his audacity ſo far as even to reproach me with the love I preſerved for his ſon without any hope of a legal union, I aſſumed that dignity which ſuited my birth, and threatened him, if he continued to purſecu

ſecute me, to addreſs myſelf to the king, and to aſk him, whether the daughter of the Ottoman throne was not to find protection in his kingdom from the inſults of his ſubjects.

He knew my character: he knew that I was capable of carrying this threat into execution. He ceaſed, therefore, to trouble me, and departed, but with a threatening look. I ſaw that he meditated revenge for the inſult he ſuppoſed he had received, and I reſolved to be more than ever on my guard againſt him.

One perſecution left me but to make way for another. The duke, informed at Verſailles of what had happened to me, returned to Paris like a man out of his ſenſes.—This, ſaid he, is the conſequence of your unjuſt rigour. If you had accepted my hand, now that I am in full enjoyment of all my rights, would the aſſaſſins have dared to ſeek you, where you would have been a ſovereign?—Then he would give himſelf up to tears, ſighs, and complaints, and, in ſhort, commit all the abſurdities of which a lover, fearing for his miſtreſs's life, can be capable. This ſcene was the more diſagreeable, as Madame Salmoni was preſent; and thus earnt all that we had ſo cautiouſly concealed

cealed from her. At this news, that unhappy woman was more dead than alive: and the magiſtrate's letter with difficulty appeaſed her fears in a ſlight degree. Already put out of humour by the interview which I had juſt now with the prince de * * *, and irritated by the indiſcretion of the duke, I gave him a very cool reception. But on this occaſion I had more need of firmneſs than ever. They both united in the duke's favour, and I was the leſs capable of defending myſelf, as, at bottom, I had no good reaſon to give. I brought myſelf off by the uſual ſubterfuge on ſuch an occaſion; that is, by demanding time, and promiſing, at ſome future day, to accede to their wiſhes.

No one knew, however, what paſſed in my mind. The chevalier was ſtill entirely maſter of my heart. I could not conceal from myſelf, that this love was without hope; but his conſtancy ſupported mine; and I could not ceaſe to admire that courage which had led him to take his vows. When I firſt arrived at Paris, I had accompanied Emilia to the abbey of Val-de-Grace, where ſhe had a friend. We ſpent ſome day in it. The devotion, quiet, and content, that reigned in that houſe, ſo worthy of being admired for the great ex-

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amples of virtue which it has always given, made a deep impreſſion on my mind. In that calm retreat, ſaid I now to myſelf, will I finiſh a life tormented with an unhappy paſſion. I will imitate the example of the chevalier: fate having denied me to him, he has ſought conſolation from his God; I will do the ſame, and there find again that peace which has ſo long been a ſtranger to my breaſt.

The importunities of the duke de Med***, and the fatal diſcovery of the prince de ***'s flame, had heightened my deſire of retiring from the world. I, with ſorrow, perceived that Emilia could not live long. I waited for the moment in which I ſhould be deprived of her, then to accompliſh my deſign; and by aſking of the duke time to come to a determination, I flattered myſelf that I could protract the buſineſs till that period ſhould arrive.

The adventure which had juſt happened to me, tended to confirm me in my reſolution. If the emiſſaries of my father had not abated the diligence of [illegible]eir enquiries in twenty years, had I [illegible]: reaſon to fear being ſtill for a long[illegible]ie expoſed to them? I had eſcaped the [illegible]ger once; and many times, perhaps, [illegible] been ſurrounded with ſnares, which

I did not perceive. Could I always reckon on the ſame good fortune? And what perſecution might I not expect in the ſeraglio, to compel me to renounce that religion, which would there be thought a crime, if I ſhould ever become the victim of the ſchemes formed to entrap me? In retiring from the world, I ſhould be ſafe from all theſe dangers. This ſtep I at length determined on, as ſoon as death ſhould cloſe the eyes of Emilia, when a fatal event, with which all Europe and Aſia rung, ſuſpended my reſolution, and put off, for a long time, the ſacrifice of my liberty.

CHAP. XV.

Achmet, father of Cecilia, depoſed.

MADAME Salmoni had been worſe for many days. We were in the greateſt conſternation. Her huſband was inconſolable, and I was not much better than himſelf. She went off ſlowly and, to the laſt, retained all her ſenſes. We were not abſent from her a mo-

We reſtrained our tears, and affected a tranquillity we were far from poſſeſſing, in order to calm her mind. She was well convinced, however, of her ſituation, and called in the aſſiſtance of religion to enable her to ſupport the cruel ſeparation. Father Luke, a capuchin, who joined to the greateſt piety, juſtneſs of thought, a cultivated mind, and an unimpeached probity, was her conſtant companion for ſix months; and taught her to ſupport, with courage, the terrors of death, and the painful ſenſations which her affection for us often conveyed to her heart. Thoſe moments in which ſhe gave a looſe to her love were particularly painful. Perceiving, by her weakneſs, that her laſt hour was approaching, ſhe had deſired the conſoling preſence of her God. The *viaticum* was brought her; and that auguſt ceremony was ſurely the moſt affecting ſcene in the world. I can ſcarcely, even, now, conceive how I could ſupport it. She felt ſufficient ſtrength to riſe on this occaſion. It was about five o'clock in the evening. She was on her knees when the prieſt approached to adminiſter to her the communion.—O my God! ſaid ſhe, a miſerable ſinner expects thy com- with impatience; but how ſhall I, on with iniquities, dare to appear be-

fore thy throne? What prayers can obtain pardon for all my trangreſſions? It is to you, my daughter, ſaid ſhe, taking me by the hand, that I ſhall owe this ſignal favour. Yes, my God, it is ſhe whom I have ſnatched out of the paths of error, whom I have torn from the boſom of worldly greatneſs, that unhappy ſnare which ſteals ſo many hearts from thee, whom I have delivered from the bonds of idolatry, to conduct into the light of thy truth, that I offer as an atonement to ſoften the rigour of thy juſtice. Let her virtues intercede for me, O God: let them be placed betwixt thy wrath and a trembling ſinner. Let that terrible moment, in which thy creature is about to appear before thee, teach her, that all in which we pride ourſelves on earth will one day vaniſh like a dream, and that all of which I have deprived her is but as duſt at the day of judgment. And if the prayers of ſinners be more agreeable in thy ſight, O God, recompence me by ſhowering down thy bleſſings upon her.—

We all melted into tears, and I was in a ſituation not to be deſcribed. The prieſt himſelf could not withhold hi and the affectionate exhortation, wh he gave to Emilia, was frequently int rupted with ſobs. She only was c

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Religion, and the duty she was performing, alone occupied her mind: peace and confidence brightened her dying eyes, and beamed from her countenance, grown wan with disease.

The awful ceremony seemed to have softened the severity of her pains, and for the few days she survived it, she seemed more at ease. Salmoni, Icoglan, and I passed the night with her in turns. In vain she endeavoured to prevent us from doing it: we insisted on it: and though she had nurses, our tenderness for her would not permit us to rely on the care of any one but ourselves. The night following the ceremony I have mentioned, it was my turn to watch. For a long time she had ceased to take any sleep. At midnight I dismissed Icoglan and Salmoni, and, during the remainder of the night, she discoursed on the sublimity of religion, and the comforts which they, who have always followed its laws, feel in the hour of death. She afterwards imparted to me the little arrangements she had made; and put into my hands a little box, containing the securities of my ortune, for which I had never yet asked r, and the fetfa of the sultan, which ested my birth; informing me of the pect due from every mussulman to

this badge of authority. She told me alſo, that ſhe had placed in the hands of father Luke what ready money ſhe had of mine, which was a conſiderable ſum. This prieſt, who was taking a moment's repoſe in an arm chair by the fireſide, confirmed this to me. At ſeven o'clock ſhe appeared inclined to ſleep, and I ſtole ſoftly from her bed-ſide.

Salmoni entered the inſtant after. I made ſigns to him, that ſhe was ſleeping, and we withdrew into another apartment. I acquainted him how ſhe had paſſed the night. Looking on me with a tender concern.—princeſs, ſaid he, your kind attentions to my ſpouſe fill me with gratitude; but let me intreat you to moderate them; they will finiſh with deſtroying your health alſo.

It is nothing, ſaid I: what paſſed yeſterday deeply affected me, and may, perhaps, have cauſed the ſlight alteration in my countenance, which you obſerve; and I am certain it would go off, were I to take the air for a minute.

Well then, ſaid he, do me the honour to accept my arm. Emilia is aſleep; Icoglan is ſtirring, and will not leave her; we are at the gate of the Boulevard, let us go thither to take the air for a quarter of an hour; the weather

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is fine, and it muſt be of great ſervice to you.

An involuntary movement, which I cannot account for, brought the tears into my eyes at this propoſal. Salmoni perceiving it, and, attributing it to the ſituation of his wife, ſaid,—you afflict yourſelf too much; let me beg you to take care of yourſelf for my ſake. What would become of me at this cruel moment, had I not the ſupport of your friendſhip?—Wiping my eyes, I took his arm, and, after ſatisfying ourſelves that Emilia was aſleep, we went out.

After a few turns on the Boulevard, I obſerved to Salmoni, that I grew faint, and ſeemed as if I wanted ſome refreſhment. We are at a little diſtance from home, ſaid he; you, perhaps, will not have ſtrength to reach ſo far: I would recommend to you to go into a coffee-houſe, if you have no objection. It was early; and, at Paris, no one thinks any thing of a woman's being ſeen at ſuch a place. I readily agreed to it. Salmoni ordered coffee: luckily there was no one there, and we breakfaſted alone together. Salmoni aroſe to pay for our coffee. I accidentally caſt my eyes on a newſpaper lying on the next table: they naturally ſtopped at the article *Conſtantinople*. The firſt words that

I read were: "Yeſterday the janiſſaries "went in a body to the ſeraglio, and "having proclaimed ſultan Mahomet V. "depoſed the ſultan Achmet."—I could read no farther. I gave a ſhriek. Salmoni ran to me.—Good God! what is the matter?—O my father! my unhappy father! was all I could ſay; and I fainted away. The miſtreſs of the coffee-houſe came to my aſſiſtance: I was carried to a private apartment, and laid on a bed. In a little time I came to myſelf. During this time Salmoni had looked over the fatal newſpaper, and eaſily diſcovered the cauſe of my diſtreſs. He was on his knees at the ſide of the bed when I recovered; and his firſt words were,—be comforted, princeſs; your father is not dead; notwithſtanding the prevalence of cuſtom, their reſpect for him has ſaved his life.—Is it poſſible? ſaid I. Do you not deceive me?—To convince me, he read the paragraph.—If it be thus, I will quit France: I will fly to give him all the aſſiſtance in my power, to ſhare his priſon. At this moment perhaps he has not a ſingle friend to partake in his griefs!—Salmoni thought it beſt to let the firſt effuſions of my paſſion vent themſelves uncontradicted, and take

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future hour to point out to me the difficulty of the attempt.

He ſent for a coach immediately; and whilſt we were waiting, the miſtreſs of the coffee-houſe, who had learnt, from our diſcourſe, who I was, and the cauſe of my fainting, could not avoid ſaying, whilſt ſhe expreſſed her ſorrow for my having learnt the news in her houſe, that the newſpaper was now an old one, and it was ſtrange I had not known it ſooner. She added, that later advices gave a particular account of this event, of the magnanimity which my father had diſplayed on the occaſion, of the noble ſpeech he had made to his ſucceſſor when he quitted the throne, and of the liberty given him, out of reverence to his virtues, of retiring to Amaſia, where, though he was not permitted to go any where without a guard, he was expoſed to no danger, as his nephew, when he ſeized the ſceptre, had ſworn, that his life ſhould ever be held ſacred.

This, in ſome meaſure, allayed my grief. The coach arrived, and having amply recompenſed the miſtreſs of the houſe for the care ſhe had taken of me, finding myſelf ſufficiently recovered to ſupport the motion of the carriage, I

ſtepped into it with Salmoni, and we returned home.

I could not conceive how the knowledge of this event had eſcaped me. I had already complained that ſeveral numbers of the paper, which was commonly brought me, had been neglected. I ſoon diſcovered that the friendly attention of Icoglan had been the cauſe of this. He had learnt the news, to which all Paris was no ſtranger; and foreſeeing it would be in the public papers, he had taken care to prevent all thoſe in which it was mentioned from coming to my hands. He had imparted his deſign to Monſieur and Madame Salmoni, and the duke of Med * * *, who all approved it.

On my arrival, Icoglan came to aſſiſt me to alight. She knows all, ſaid Salmoni to him. They both ſupported me to my apartment. The poor Emilia ſeemed to collect all her ſtrength to give me conſolation: ſhe would be carried in a chair to my bed-ſide.—Why do you afflict yourſelf? ſaid ſhe. He lives, and lives with glory. Seldom do we derive new luſtre from our fall; but your father's has proved to the whole world that he was a hero. He has loſt ſome of his grandeurs: but are grandeurs to be depended on? He had great virtues; and

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of thoſe virtues it was not in the power of man to deprive him. The fall of your father is, perhaps, an example the moſt conſolatory that heaven could give the world: it teaches us, that our fame depends on ourſelves alone, and not on adventitious circumſtances.

The duke entered immediately after, and I then diſcovered his real worth. Your misfortune, amiable princeſs, ſaid he, renders you but the more dear to me. It was not the daughter of a ſovereign that I admired in you, it was the moſt eſtimable woman I knew. You have loſt nothing by the misfortunes of your auguſt father, nor are you leſs in my eyes the object moſt worthy of reſpect in the univerſe.

I then acquainted them with my intention of going to ſeek my father, and pay him, whilſt under his misfortunes, thoſe duties which nature demanded at my hands. They pointed out to me all the dangers to which I ſhould be expoſed, and did all they could to diſſuade me from an enterprize, which to them appeared impracticable. But I had always the misfortune to be obſtinate in my reſolves. My reſolution was fixed; and though I ſeemed to yield to their objections, it was merely to get rid of a converſation,

verſation, that brought unpleaſing ideas to my mind.

On this occaſion I was ſenſible of the different effects of love: in ſome it elevates the mind, in others it debaſes it. The facility of conqueſt, which a great name, large fortune, and amiable perſon beſtow, frequently blinds the beſt heart, by leading it to ſuppoſe, that there is no woman who can reſiſt thoſe attractions. This miſled the prince de * * *, who, a worthy man in the eyes of all the world beſides, was a contemptible wretch to me alone. I had ceaſed to ſee him, ſince the explanation in which he had gone ſuch lengths. I had been careful, however, not to acquaint the ſon with the father's paſſion, as it would have highly alarmed his ſenſibility. Nor was I perfectly at eaſe on the chevalier's account, many poſts having arrived without my hearing from him; and this ſilence afflicted me not a little.

The depoſition of Achmet III. renewed the hopes of prince de * * *. He now ſaw in me only the daughter of a dethroned potentate: a perſon, therefore, of no conſequence; in whoſe fate the ſovereigns of Europe would no longer intereſt themſelves, becauſe I could no longer ſerve their political purpoſes: perhaps a woman without reſource; a

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not knowing on what my fortune was founded, he might ſuppoſe, that I depended intirely on the Turkiſh court for my ſubſiſtance. Judging of me, no doubt, by the women he had been acquainted with, he thought my pride would have fallen with my fortunes, and that, adapting my ſentiments to the degradation of my eſtate, I ſhould be too happy to depend for every thing on his bounty, whilſt he might poſſeſs me without ſubjecting himſelf to the ties of marriage, into which, as I have before obſerved, it was impoſſible for him to enter.

Joining audacity to ſuch an abſurd opinion, he paid me a viſit, in which he explained his ſentiments to me, without employing the leaſt delicacy to gloſs them over. On his entrance I received him with affability, as, notwithſtanding our former breach, I ſtill beheld in him the father of the man I loved. This deference appeared to him a happy omen; and flattering himſelf at once with ſucceſs, he affronted me with a declaration in the plaineſt terms. I own I was ſtupefied: rage rendered me motionleſs. Recovering from this kind of lethargy, into which pride and reſentment had plunged me, I rang the bell. My ſervants entered.—The firſt time, ſaid

ſaid I, that this man knocks at my door, let him be refuſed admittance. Then riſing, be gone, ſaid I haughtily; yes, though you are prince de * * *, I will make you repent this inſolence. He went out with a ſmile, ſaying,—You are too handſome for time not to ſoften this violent temper.—A look of contempt was my only anſwer.

Who would believe it! the prince de * * * was perfectly a man of honour, brave, generous, beneficent, popular, and of an unimpeached probity. If any one doubt it, after learning his paſt and future conduct to me, I would ſay,—It is becauſe you are not a Frenchman; you are unacquainted with the higher claſs of people of the French capital, who have ſtruck out of the liſt of ſocial virtues what we owe to women; and yet theſe people boaſt of ſerving them. In my country they are confined, 'tis true; but they are never expoſed to inſult.—

I imagined that the treatment he had received would entirely free me from the viſits of the prince de * * *. I carefully concealed this ſcene, fearing the revenge which Salmoni, Icoglan, and eſpecially the duke of Med * * *, would take for the inſult offered me. Fatal caution! which brought me to the brink of a precipice, and was the cauſe of the greateſt

greateſt of my misfortunes. I cannot even now think of it without ſhuddering.

Let the reader, who fears to have his heart ſoftened by the tender emotions of pity, here ſhut the book. A continued ſeries of misfortunes cover the remaining part of the canvas: ſcenes of calamity, horror, or pity, are all that I have now to paint.

CHAP. XVI.

Death of Emilia.

THE loſs of my dear Emilia is the firſt that offers itſelf to my trembling hand. That dreadful moment at laſt arrived, which was to ſeparate me for ever from my mother, my counſellor, my beſt friend, the only good, except the Chevalier de * * *, that attached me to life. Beloved, reſpected woman! If, in the grave, thou can ſtill be ſenſible of what paſſes on earth, how many ſighs muſt the fate of thy ward have coſt thee! Of all that ſhe received from

from thee, ſhe has nothing left but her virtues.

For ſome days ſhe had every now and then been ſeized with fainting fits; and the phyſician could not conceal from us, that they were the fatal preludes to the dreaded cataſtrophe. Father Luke profited by ſome intervals, to adminiſter to her the laſt offices of the church. She was not alarmed, but paſſed the remainder of the day pretty peaceably. In the evening, as we were ſitting by her bedſide, ſhe took my hand and that of her huſband.—Princeſs, ſaid ſhe to me, to you I recommend this poor unfortunate; he merits it; I am ſure he will never forſake you. I bathed her hand with my tears, and aſſured her, that I would always conſider him as my beſt friend. Her huſband was choaked with ſobs: he could not ſpeak a word.—Do not afflict yourſelves, my friends, ſaid ſhe; I ſhall not leave you yet; I do not feel myſelf ill. Would you, by your tears, prevent my converſing with thoſe who are dear to me? Let us change the ſubject. Icoglan, I will ſee if you have a good memory: bring me a gilt caſket, which you will find on my toilet. Icoglan did ſo. Riſing gently, ſhe ſat up in her bed, and opening the caſket, took out of it a jewel, which ſ

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preſented to him.—I can ſcarcely think, ſaid ſhe, that you recollect that jewel.—Pardon me, fair Fatima, ſaid Icoglan, with a ſmile, after having examined it, it was ſent you by your relation from Ormus, and delivered to me for you by my good friend there.—

It has given you ſufficient trouble for you to deſerve a little pleaſure from it. Will you permit me, my friend, ſaid ſhe to her huſband, to preſent this to the companion of my ſlavery?—Salmoni fell on Icoglan's neck, and, taking his hand, preſented it to his wife, who put the jewel into it.

Supper time being come, we aſked, whether our ſupping at her bedſide would not diſturb her. She aſſured us, it would, on the contrary, afford her pleaſure. She was cheerful during the ſupper: our ſituation may eaſily be ſuppoſed. We admired her fortitude. With full hearts, and tears ſtanding in our eyes, we endeavoured to conceal our grief by forced ſmiles. Cyprus wine was ſerved at the deſert.—This, my dear friend, ſaid ſhe to me, was the firſt nouriſhment you received: I gave you your firſt glaſs of wine: in return give me that which will apparently be the laſt I ſhall drink.—I obeyed her, and, with a trembling hand, gave her a drop. She drank

drank it to our health: May you, my friends, live long; I ſhall leave you ſoon.—Father Luke, perceiving the ſituation ſoftened her too much, turned her thoughts imperceptibly to that infinite bliſs, which would recompence her loſs.

About midnight ſhe had a fainting fit, which continued much longer than the preceding ones, and alarmed us highly. Her ſenſes returned, however, about two o'clock. She wiſhed to diſcourſe with father Luke, and we retired. At four ſhe deſired us to be called. She embraced her huſband tenderly, preſſed me to her boſom, and gave her hand to Icoglan, who watered it with tears.—Adieu, my friends, ſaid ſhe; do not forget a woman, who has lived only to love you. Preſerve thoſe virtues which I know you to poſſeſs, that we may meet again; for I die in a firm perſuaſion, that God will receive me to his mercy. I have wiſhed but for one favour; it was to give you all my laſt bleſſing. God has heard my prayer, and I go to him with confidence. I feel my hour is approaching—I feel—Adieu!—Her head ſunk—her eyes cloſed—ſhe ſlept in the boſom of eternity.

Father Luke dragged us from th mournful ſight. That worthy prieſt d

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not quit us. He did every thing to conſole us, calling in the aid of religion, ſo powerful to enable us to ſupport affliction. Icoglan took charge of the laſt duties paid her by our friendſhip. Her funeral was ſuitable to her fortune, and the rank ſhe held about me. Her unfortunate ſpouſe was unable to aſſiſt at it; and Icoglan and I attended her to the grave.

I paſſed ſix weeks with Salmoni, ſhut up from all the world, without ſeeing any perſon, not even the duke of Med * * *. At this time, however, I told Salmoni plainly, that, whatever difficulties might be ſtarted, I was reſolved to go to my father, to acquit myſelf of the duties impoſed on me by nature: duties ever ſacred, notwithſtanding the difference of religious opinions. When he found my reſolution was taken, and that nothing could diſſuade me from it, he told me, that he would accompany me; and if I periſh, ſaid he, in the enterprize, at leaſt I will periſh in ſerving you.

However ſmooth the ſentiments of my heart had made every difficulty to my imagination, the undertaking was not the leſs raſh in itſelf. To what great and inevitable dangers ſhould we not be expoſed in Turkey, excluſive of thoſe

thoſe inevitable in ſo long a voyage? No one is ignorant of the riſk a Turkiſh woman runs, who has quitted the muſſulman religion, to embrace the Chriſtian: and it was very poſſible that I might be diſcovered. How difficult muſt it not be to approach my father, a dethroned ſultan, undoubtedly ſurrounded with ſpies? And would not the ſecret viſit of an unknown perſon, that muſt be conſidered as a foreigner, highly alarm the Ottoman jealouſy? Beſides, to what puniſhment would not Salmoni and Icoglan be expoſed, were they known; the former as a Chriſtian ſurprized with a Turk, the latter as a Turk faithleſs to Mahomet? All thoſe perils, which preſented themſelves clearly to my imagination, the affliction of the duke of Med ***, the extreme inquietude which I ſhould give the Chevalier de ***; nothing, in ſhort, was capable of balancing in my mind a ſtep which, to have diſpenſed with, I ſhould have thought a ſacrilege.

I reſolved, ſhould I eſcape ſo many dangers, and be once more brought by Providence to a Chriſtian land, to dedicate myſelf wholly to the ſervice of religion. The preſent ſtate of my fortune rendered a retreat in ſome meaſure diſpenſible. Since Emilia's death, I

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learnt the failure of the banker in Italy, to whom the greateſt part of my fortune was intruſted. Ten thouſand livres a year were all that I had left. This ſmall portion of the wealth I once poſſeſſed appeared to me ſufficient for a dowry in the houſe of which I ſhould make choice. Father Luke who had four thouſand louis d'ors of mine, gave them to me ſoon after the death of my friend. This ſum was ſufficient for the expence of my voyage. Should I fall a ſacrifice to my attempt, and my friends ſurvive, I ſhould not leave them diſtreſſed. Salmoni had a competence; and, having no children, it was to be preſumed, that Icoglan, whom he loved as his own ſon, would be his heir. Whether, therefore, it were my lot to die, or to eſcape, I had no uneaſineſs about the future.

I recommended to my two friends, to keep my departure a profound ſecret. I wiſhed to avoid the uneaſineſs that the perſecutions of the duke of Med * * *'s love, which became every day more violent, whilſt the change in my fortune ſeemed to give him ſtill more right to expect being liſtened to, muſt give me. Little did I think myſelf on the eve of being freed from his love by the moſt terrible cataſtrophe!

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Maria Cecilia quits Rome with the Chevalier.

EVERY preparation was made for my voyage on the ſixth of the month, the twelfth of which was fixed for my departure. I was deſirous of having a paſſport, that I might meet with no difficulties on my journey. The court was at Fontainbleau. I went thither from Paris on the eighth, with the deſign of aſking the miniſter for it myſelf. A ſlight indiſpoſition confined Salmoni at home, and I wiſhed to leave Icoglan at Paris for ſome trifling buſineſs which remained to be finiſhed. I ſet off, therefore, alone, in my poſt-chaiſe, with one running footman. On my arrival at Fontainbleau, I repaired to the miniſter, to whom I imparted my deſign, and the need I had of a paſſport. He promiſed me one: but thinking the king might wiſh to have it drawn it up in a fuller manner than uſual, he would firſt take his orders on the ſubject. In fact, about nine in the evening, he had the politeneſs to come incognito himſelf to bring it me. It was not only writt

in the politeſt terms, but intended alſo to ſerve me as a letter of credit, if I ſhould have need of one. He told me, that the king conſidered this journey only as a leave of abſence, which he granted me, and that he promiſed himſelf I ſhould, on my return, give the preference to his dominions to take up my abode in. I anſwered, that it was my intention, as I had received too many favours from ſo great a king not to deſire ardently to ſee him again, and that I certainly ſhould not have departed without teſtifying my gratitude to him perſonally, if it had not been ſo: but the ſecreſy which I thought it neceſſary to keep concerning my journey, giving all the world reaſon to ſuppoſe that I was not abſent, I had declined ſo pleaſing a duty, as it was of much conſequence to me to conceal my departure from many perſons of his court. The miniſter took upon himſelf to repreſent my regret to his majeſty, and explain to him the reaſons which had hindered me from preſenting myſelf at the palace.

After the miniſter had left me, having nothing more to detain me at Fontainbleau, and being informed that the roads were ſafe whilſt the court reſided there, I ſent for horſes to return to Paris. It was near midnight when I ſet out.

out. The moon ſhone bright, and I had not the leaſt apprehenſions. The road is much frequented, and I had always a degree of courage, which prevented my being a prey to thoſe ſilly fears ſo uſual in my ſex.

I had got about five leagues on my journey, and my footman was ſome way before me. I was ſleeping in the carriage, when, on a ſudden, the poſtillion ſtopped; and I heard ſome voices threatening to blow out his brains if he advanced a ſtep. I imagined myſelf amongſt thieves, and prepared to give them what I had about me without heſitation. I let down the window: a man opened the door, and deſired me to alight. On my making a ſlight reſiſtance,—Do not compel us madam, ſaid he, to uſe violence.—At this I alighted. Another man took me in his arms; and I obſerved, on the right of the road, a carriage with ſix horſes. Let the reader judge of my fright when I diſcovered the man, who aſſiſted me to alight, to be the prince de * * *.—Monſter! cried I, ſtruggling to prevent my being put into the carriage that ſtood ready. A berlin paſſing by at the inſtant, my cries drew the attention of thoſe who were in i I redoubled them, in ſpite of the effo my raviſher made to ſtop my mouth.

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heard a perſon cry out,—Heavens! 'tis Cecilia!—I knew the duke of Med * * *'s voice.—Save me, ſave me, cried I.—The prince, enraged at this interruption, leaving me to his ſervants, advanced to the duke.—Who are you, ſaid he, that oppoſe my deſigns?—The lover of that lady, anſwered the duke, and the enemy of all thoſe who inſult her.—You can be no one but the duke of Med * * * then, replied the prince, and ſee in me a rival who has long thirſted to ſacrifice you to his hatred.—Their ſwords were drawn, and, notwithſtanding the diſparity of age, a furious combat began.

I can ſcarcely now conceive how I ſurvived the ſurpriſe, fright, and horror of the ſcene I have to relate. Whilſt they were engaging with equal addreſs and vigour, a poſt-chaiſe from Fontainbleau, the noiſe of which had not interrupted the combatants, arrived on the field of battle. I bleſſed heaven for ſending the duke and me ſuch a timely reinforcement. I continued crying out, imploring the ſuccour of thoſe in the chaiſe. It ſtopped. A young man haſtily leaped out.—Heavens! exclaimed ?, do I not deceive myſelf? Is it my cilia?—The aſtoniſhment into which as thrown by the ſound of that loved

voice, for it was the chevalier, ſuſpended all my faculties. The prince de * * *, who knew the voice as well as I, turned this unexpected event with incredible policy to the accompliſhment of his horrible project. Wearied with an engagement, that, from his advanced age, could not but terminate fatally to him, he cried out inſtantly,—Is it you Chevalier de * * *,? Is it you my ſon? Protect your father and your miſtreſs.—My hair ſtood erect with horror at this execrable diſſimulation. I ſaw the danger of the unhappy duke of Med * * *, who was on the point of falling a victim to that generoſity, which had brought him to my aſſiſtance. I ſaw that the chevalier, deceived by the artful words of his father, was about to caſt me himſelf down the precipice, and that I ſhould be ſacrificed by that hand which was moſt dear to me. I attempted to ſpeak, but my ſtrength failed me: and what could I have ſaid to three madmen, who were blinded with rage? The prince de * * *, too brave, however, to engage two againſt one, left the field of battle to his ſon, and, without waiting the iſſue of the combat, ran to me, caught me in his arms, put me into the carriage, ſtepped in after me, and in a few minutes we

were far from the bloody ſcene. The combat did not long remain undecided: my laſt look ſaw the duke fall beneath the ſword of the chevalier.

I had hitherto preſerved my ſenſes: but when, finding myſelf alone in the coach with the prince de * * *, I reflected on the ſudden appearance of the chevalier whom I imagined at eight hundred leagues diſtance, and the ſad fate of the duke of Med * * *, who, for being my defender, fell by the hand of the only man on earth I loved, who, on his part, thought himſelf fighting in my cauſe, and when I thought of the danger I myſelf ran, now the prince de * * *, had me in his power, my ſtrength forſook me, and I fainted, crying out vengeance.

My cruel raviſher did not ſlacken his pace to give me any aſſiſtance; he merely applied ſome ſalts to my noſe. For a long time this application was in vain: but the motion of the carriage, the freſhneſs of the air now day began to break, and my involuntary horror of the prince, who preſſed me in his arms to ſupport me, recalled me to life. We entered Paris, and in a few moments were at his door.

I then felt that I had need of all my ſolution, and the ſight of inſtant dan-

ger revived all my courage. The prince gave me his hand to alight, and conducted me to his closet. When we were alone, he attempted to excuse the insult he had offered me, by imputing it to the violence of his love. He informed me, that he was acquainted with the recent loss my fortune had sustained, which ought to make his liberal offers more acceptable to me. I suffered him to talk without interruption. When he had finished, I answered him, with all the coolness of which I was capable.—There are but two things that oppose your wishes, my virtue and my pride of blood. I am in your power, but if you employ force, I shall find avengers. That, however, will be unnecessary, as I know you will suffer me to depart. He was going to laugh at this idea, when suddenly drawing two pistols from my pockets, which I put into them on my leaving Fontainbleau, and which I then recollected, I presented one at his breast, and the other at my own head.—The least motion, said I, and we are both dead. If you neither respect my sex, nor my rank, at least dread my courage.—The tone in which I spoke these word the rage that flashed from my eyes, firmness, and above all his knowledge my character, froze him. He stood

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trified. I did not think it proper to give him time for reflection: I opened the door: I went out; not as a woman flying through fear, but as a conqueror who had juſt dictated laws to his opponent. He neither dared to follow me, or even to ſpeak a ſingle word. I quitted the cloſet, and was ſoon in the ſtreet.

At firſt I could ſcarcely walk. I was like a perſon juſt awaked from a fatiguing dream. I yet doubted whether I had eſcaped from the dangers I had run. I was advanced ſome little diſtance from the prince's houſe with the two piſtols ſtill in my hands. I recollected the impropriety of this circumſtance: I then put them up haſtily. Luckily it was early, there were but few people in the ſtreet, and my agitation was not obſerved.

I had ſcarce gone a hundred paces, before I met the chevalier, who no doubt was going to alight at his father's. I ſtopped his carriage.—Where are you going? ſaid I. You know not all the horrors of this fatal night: permit me at leaſt to have a little converſation with you before you go to your father. Ah, chevalier! was it thus we were to meet?

He requeſted me to come into his carriage, and we drove to my houſe.

Salmoni and Icoglan, who little ex-
cted him, embraced him tenderly; and
e ſcene our meeting offered for a
arter of an hour was extremely af-
cting. I ſhould find it difficult to re-
e what paſſed in my heart. Joy at
eing the chevalier, the fright his fa-
er had thrown me into, the grief I
t for the death of the duke, and the
igue I muſt have undergone in ſuch a
ght, oppreſſed me at once. I retired
my bed, and when I was lain down,
dmitted my three friends to my cham-
r.—Ah, my dear chevalier! ſaid I,
u thought yourſelf this night ſnatch-
g me from a vile raviſher: but know
at your father was that raviſher, and
at the duke of Med * * *, whom you
lled as innocently as inconſiderately,
s, like you, defending me from the
ſult with which I was threatened.—
It is eaſy to conceive the aſtoniſhment
all three. I had hitherto carefully
ncealed from every one the paſſion of
e prince de * * *. If the reader has
t forgotten the nobleneſs of mind of
e chevalier, the reſpect he bore his
her, and the confidence he had of my
ving found friends and protectors in
of his family, he may eaſily form an
ea of the pain he felt from my narra-
n of what had happened to me, and

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particularly of the events of the preceding night. He could not forgive himself for having ſlain a man who was generouſly defending me, nor could he drive from his mind the conduct of his father.

I then gave him an account of the preſent ſituation of my fortune, and the reſolution I had formed to go to my father. This ſtep was perfectly conformable to the principles of the chevalier, and I expected that he would approve it. I then tenderly reproached him for having ſuffered me to be ſo long without hearing any thing of him.—Do not be diſpleaſed with me for it, ſaid he: I have been three months on a cruiſe, in a Malteſe galley, of which I have the command. I had put into Toulon to refit. Unable to reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing you, and impatient to embrace my father, I left my veſſel, which I found would take ſome days in repairing, in charge of my lieutenant, and making the moſt of the time I could ſpare from my duty, I travelled night and day from Toulon to the unfortunate ſpot where I met you. Think of my ſenſations when I heard your voice and that of my father! Had a precipice been at my feet I ſhould have leaped down it to fly to your aſſiſtance. I had reckoned to paſs two,

days with all that was dear to me in the world, to embrace you, and depart. Heavens! was I to take such a journey to find a father criminal, and to become so myself!

Salmoni, who had listened to us with attention, grown prudent and cautious from years and experience, said to us,—There is no time to be lost; we must all set off to-day, for the following reasons. This adventure will no doubt make a great noise: the duke is related to the first families in the kingdom: they will endeavour to revenge his death: your father's influence, chevalier, will protect you; but the affair will not be soon terminated, and perhaps even your liberty may be in danger: you are here without leave, and your quitting your command may be made a crime: you must depart without seeing any one, and leave those who have been the cause of so many misfortunes, to save themselves as they can. You, madam, may be involved in the difficulties arising from this adventure, and public report is always injurious. It is best, therefore, to avoid these. We intended to take the road through Lyons: to conceal our journey, let us take that through Bordeaux, which lead also to Provence. The chevalier wil accompany you. All four of us may g

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in your berlin, and all ſhall be at a diſtance, before it will be known what road we have taken. Your own horſes will take us a few poſts; and your paſſport is ſo drawn up, that no one will dare to refuſe you horſes in any place.

We agreed on the reaſonableneſs of Salmoni's advice. In leſs than an hour our baggage was put into my carriage, and at noon we had left Paris.

I confeſs I now thought myſelf freed from a heavy load, which had long born hard upon me. The love of the prince de * * * had embittered my life, and that of the duke of Med * * * had been a torment to it. I could no longer bear to live in a houſe where every thing brought Emilia to my remembrance. I was with the only perſons for whom I felt any affection; and was returning to my father, or rather going to ſee him for the firſt time. On all theſe accounts I felt a joy which had long been a ſtranger to my heart.

Our converſation naturally turned on what had happened; and we were endeavouring to diſcover how the prince de * * * became ſo well informed of my actions, as to place himſelf ſo opportunely on the road from Fontainbleau to intercept me. After a long time attempting in vain to gueſs the

ſource of his intelligence, I, on a ſudden recollected, that the lacky, who then rode before me, had never ſince made his appearance.—He, no doubt was the traitor, ſaid I, corrupted by the prince's gold. The prince was certainly at Fontainbleau: that villain acquainted him with my being there; and, I now remember, I could not conceive the reaſon of my not getting poſt horſes till twelve, when I had ordered them at nine: it muſt have been with deſign for the prince to have time to make his preparations, and be ready on the road to meet me. I remember too, that, on my ſhowing ſome unwillingneſs to ſet off at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour, he endeavoured to perſuade me, that there was not the leaſt danger.—

This idea appeared moſt probable to us all; and we ſhall ſoon find that I was not miſtaken. Whilſt we were diſcourſing on this ſubject, we arrived at Eſtampes, where we took poſt horſes. I ordered my coachman to ſell my horſes immediately on his return to Paris, to diſcharge the poſtillion, take a place in the ſtage coach, and join us at Toulon, where, by taking the road through Lyons, he would arrive as ſoon as we ſhould. I knew the truſtineſs of

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this man; and he was the only one of my ſervants that I choſe to retain.

We did not ſtop till we came to Poitiers. There we ſpent a few hours, as I was in need of reſt; the horrid night, on which I left Fontainbleau, having extremely fatigued me; and I had not been in bed for three nights, except the few minutes I lay down before leaving Paris. Salmoni, however, was too prudent to permit us to ſtay long. The chevalier expected to find his galley thoroughly repaired on his return, and had offered to carry me to Naples, where I ſhould eaſily find a veſſel to ſome port in the Levant, from which the journey to Amaſia, by land, would be very eaſy. In two days we arrived at Bordeaux; and, continuing our journey through Toulouſe, ſtopped at a ſmall town, called Villefranche-de-Lauraguais, a few leagues beyond it. At this place we ſtaid two days to reſt ourſelves, preferring it to a larger city, where we ſhould be expoſed to more eyes, and, of courſe, more eaſily diſcovered, if any ſearch were made after us.

Eight days after our leaving Paris we arrived at Toulon. The chevalier found his galley refitted, and ready for ſea the next day. My coachman arrived the ſame day. For fear of not overtaking

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us, he had diſpoſed of my horſes at Eſtampes, returned immediately to Paris, and taking a poſt horſe the next day, rode from that city to Aix, before the poſt to Rome. By travelling thus expeditiouſly, he arrived at Toulon nearly at the ſame time as we did. He informed us, that before his departure, he had gone to my houſe, to learn if my domeſtics had heard any thing. The porter told him, that, the evening after we left Paris, a meſſenger came from the prince de * * *, to requeſt that I would go to his houſe, as he was extremely ill, and had ſomething to ſay to me before he died. Deſirous of having more certain information, he went into the neighbourhood of the prince's houſe, in which there appeared to be a great deal of confuſion; but, unfortunately, ſeeing no one whom he knew, he durſt not aſk any queſtions, for fear of being ſuſpected.

This account, obſcure as it was, produced an alteration in our plan. The chevalier reſolved to defer his departure a few days, that he might receive news from Paris. He obſerved to us, that, in fact, we had nothing to fear. As he had not been ſeen in Paris, the world was ignorant of his having been there, and, of courſe, would never ſuſpect him of any concern

concern in the death of the duke de Med** * *. Beſides, the moment he arrived at Toulon, he was commander of a galley of the order of Malta, and not a ſubject of the king of France; that, they would not dare, therefore, to violate the laws of nations by arreſting him. For me, the paſſport I had from the king would be my protection; but if there were any danger, I ſhould immediately go on board his veſſel, which would be a ſacred aſylum, where no one would dare to make any attempts upon my liberty, as I ſhould be conſidered as under the protection of a religious order.

This advice was readily aſſented to; and we awaited with impatience the arrival of a courier from Paris.

CHAP. XVIII.

Developement of circumſtances.—Death of the chevalier's father.

DURING the chevalier's abſence from Toulon, a ſervant of his had died. Another was inquired for, to ſupply

ply his place. One morning, when he was in my apartment, a man came to offer himſelf, and he was going out to ſpeak with him. As we behaved to each other with all that familiarity which travelling permits, I deſired that the man might be admitted, without his taking the trouble to go into another room. Having my permiſſion, the chevalier gave orders for his entering. On his advancing into the room, the moment he ſaw me, he ſhrieked out, and fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.—Good God! ſaid I immediately, 'tis that wretch *la Jeuneſſe*, who attended me to Fontainbleau.—

He was taken out of the room, and carefully guarded, whilſt means were employed for his recovery. The fright, into which the ſight of me had thrown him, convinced me, that I was not deceived in my conjectures, but that he was certainly an accomplice in the vile plot of the prince de ***. When he came to himſelf, I directed that he ſhould be told to make himſelf eaſy, as I would not injure him, provided he were ſincere, and made a full confeſſion; adding, that I was already informed of all he had done, and was deſirous of a confeſſion from his own mouth, merely to know if he were capable of rendering himſelf

himſelf unworthy of my pardon by a lie.

A little encouraged by this promiſe, he ſwore that he would ſpeak the truth. When he was in a ſtate to appear before me, I ordered him to be brought in. We were all four preſent. Pale, trembling, and in tears, he fell on his knees the moment he entered the room. His appearance diſplayed not the confuſion of a villain who finds himſelf detected, but the remorſe of an honeſt heart led into the ſnare by ſome artful knave, and incited to the commiſſion of a crime by ſome temptation which he had not ſtrength to reſiſt. I was touched with his ſituation. I repeated my promiſe of pardon, and aſked what could have induced him to betray a miſtreſs who had put ſuch confidence in him.—Alas! madam, anſwered he, the inſtrument which the great employ to rob the poor of their honour, gold; that gold which renders contemptible both the giver and the receiver, when it is the price of a crime.—

I am pleaſed to ſee, ſaid I, that you feel the ſhame which your guilt ought to inſpire: go on with the ſame openneſs, and depend on my promiſe.

You remember, madam, the laſt viſit you received from the prince de * * *, after

after being acquainted with the misfortunes of your auguſt father. I was preſent when you ordered me and my fellow-ſervants never to admit him again. The prince had ever diſtinguiſhed me when he came to your houſe, and I had always the greateſt ſhare of his favours. The day after that viſit, a perſon came to inform me, that ſome one wanted to ſpeak with me at a neighbouring coffee-houſe. I went thither without any miſtruſt. Judge of my ſurpriſe when I ſaw that it was the prince himſelf who waited for me. I at firſt treated him with the reſpect due to his rank; but he forbad me, ſaying, that he was incognito, and my behaviour would betray him. He ordered me to to ſit down at the ſame table with him. I obeyed. He then deſcribed to me in ſo affecting a manner, his love for you, the ſeverity with which you treated him, the purity of his intentions, and the great advantage to you of the offer he made you of his hand, that I could not refrain from tears, or avoid taxing you with injuſtice. When he ſaw that he had wrought ſo far upon my temper, he aſked if I would refuſe his ſervices. I anſwered, that he might depend upon me in any thing which did not go to injure you.—Can you imagine, ſaid he, that I would injure

jure the perſon whom I love above all the world?—I confeſs my ſimplicity thought this an unanſwerable argument, and I vowed the ſtricteſt fidelity to him. Pleaſed with this aſſurance, he gave me an hundred louis-d'ors, telling me, that it was but an earneſt of his favours, and that I might conſider my fortune as made, if I ſerved him faithfully. All he aſked was, to be informed of your actions, from the little importance of which demand, I might be ſatisfied, that my ſerving him would be no breach of fidelity to you. After this converſation he left me.

Put yourſelf for a moment, madam, in the place of a poor fellow like me, who had never before poſſeſſed the tenth part of ſuch a ſum, who ſaw a great fortune within his reach, and who was led into the ſnare under the pretext of making you more happy. My head was turned. I gave him an exact account of every ſtep you took. You at length prepared for your departure, of which I informed him. I cannot now recollect, without trembling, the fit of madneſs and deſpair, with which he was ſeized at this news. A few days after, I learnt that you were going to Fontainbleau, and that I only ſhould have the honour of accompanying you. After a mo-

a moment's reflection, he ſaid to me, —I will be at Fontainbleau before her: when ſhe is going to ſet off, acquaint me with it: I ſhall be at ſuch a place; and if you can delay her departure for two hours, it is all I wiſh: you ſhall have a thouſand louis-d'ors for your trouble. I aſſured him of my zeal, adding, that I did not think it impracticable.

When you were at Fontainbleau, I went to the place appointed, and informed him of your arrival. He thanked me, aſſured me that he would not ſtir out, and that I might come to him at any hour. To ſpur my diligence, he ſhowed me the thouſand pieces ready for me. Of his ſcheme, I declare, I was ignorant. At nine o'clock you ordered horſes to return to Paris. I ran to the prince before I went to the poſt-houſe. He aſked me, how I could contrive to delay your departure for two hours, which would be neceſſary. I anſwered, that nothing was more eaſy. Inſtead of ordering horſes immediately, I would order them for eleven o'clock, and would tell you, that none being at home, you muſt wait their return. Satisfied with this expedient, he gave me the thouſand louis-d'ors; and, in the exceſs of h joy, cried, with a terrible oath,—At l

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I have her.—I then gueſſed his purpoſe. The large ſum I had received did not prevent my heart from being torn with remorſe. For the firſt time I found myſelf rich: for the firſt time I found myſelf miſerable. By turns was I tempted to acquaint you with it, to run away, or to haſten your departure. Never have I paſſed ſuch painful hours as thoſe which followed that unlucky moment. Now I was cut to the heart by my attachment to you, and now terrified by the power of a prince, from whom I could not eſcape, who might eaſily take vengeance of ſuch a poor fellow as I, for my infidelity to him. Eleven o'clock at laſt arrived, and your horſes were brought. I had given the poſtillion ſome money to tell you, if you ſhould queſtion him, that there were no horſes ready, as I had been enjoying myſelf at a public-houſe, and was afraid of being ſcolded. Theſe fellows are always in the intereſts of ſervants, and readily promiſed all I aſked. I could not avoid trembling when I ſaw you heſitate about ſetting off ſo late. I dreaded the prince's vengeance; and, dragged on by my fate, endeavoured to remove your fears. At length you departed. When I was paſſing the prince's carriage, he was on foot in the high road:

road: he ſtopped me, and obliged me to wait the arrival of your chaiſe. I was ready to die with grief, when I heard your cries. At that moment the duke of Med * * * arrived. Profiting by the diſturbance this occaſioned, I made my eſcape, and took the road to Fontainbleau on foot. Your cries ſeemed to purſue me, and upbraid me with my crime. I ran till I came to the foreſt; and, as heaven is not ſlow to puniſh the guilty, I was met by robbers, who ſtript me of the reward of my treachery, and all the gifts of the prince, except the firſt hundred pieces, which I had placed in the hands of a friend at Paris.

I arrived at Fontainbleau almoſt naked. Relating my misfortune, an officer of the navy took pity on me, cloathed me, and the ſame day I ſet off with him for Toulon. On my arrival here, thinking myſelf too near the ſcene of my crime, I determined to baniſh myſelf from my country for ever. Learning that the commander of a Malteſe galley wanted a ſervant, I thought it a favourable opportunity; but God, who watches the ſteps of the wicked as well as the good, prepared for me the greateſt puniſhment I could receive, bringing me, when I leaſt expected i

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into the preſence of an auguſt princeſs, whom I have ſo highly offended.—

Theſe then, ſaid I, are the terrible effects of the vices of the great; the corruption of the honeſt mind, and the involving the poor in their guilt. May this adventure, addreſſing myſelf to the man, be a leſſon to you. You ſee that ſhame and remorſe are all that is to be gotten by ſerving the paſſions of others. Honour is all that the poor man poſſeſſes in compenſation for his want of wealth. When he ſells himſelf to the rich man, he gives him a right to treat him with contempt. There are an hundred louis-d'ors to mitigate your loſs: I pardon you: withdraw.—

The unhappy man, melting into tears, fell on his knees, and, with his forehead on the ground, ſaid with ſobs,—Great princeſs, keep your gifts; and let me die, ſince I muſt loſe all hopes of dedicating the remainder of my life to your ſervice.—

I could not reſiſt this affecting prayer, which ſhowed that he was worthy of that favour, ſince he durſt aſk it. I conſidered him for a moment in that ſtate of humiliation.—O God! ſaid I, it is vice that teaches man to bend the knee before his fellow creature. Ye cat, who ſport with the virtue of the weak,

weak, would you were here to ſee the abject ſtate to which the man whom you corrupt is reduced. Riſe: this trial muſt have amended your heart: I pardon you: ſtay with me.

This ſcene greatly affected us. We admired the ways of Providence, thus ſporting with the wiſhes and projects of mankind, and delighting to confound thoſe who employ guilty means to accompliſh their deſigns. Of this we had ſoon a ſtriking inſtance. Alas! it was the laſt gleam of happineſs that ſeemed to break out on my life, the tranſient light of which ſerved only to plunge me deeper into the thick gloom of misfortune.

I have already ſaid, that we impatiently expected news from Paris. They at length arrived. They were from a Malteſe, a friend of the chevalier, who had long correſponded with him. The chevalier brought them to me eagerly. —What a misfortune! ſaid he entering, and, at the ſame time, what a pleaſing hope. I may now flatter myſelf with one day having my deſtiny united to that of my dear princeſs.—What ſay you, chevalier?—He gave me the letter. I informed him, that the prince de *** his father, was ſeized with an apoplex and died in three days: that this mour

ful event was attributed to the grief he felt for the loss of a wife, whom he tenderly loved: that, however, there was a myſtery hung about it which could not be penetrated: that the duke of Med* * * had been found run through the body, on the road to Fontainbleau: that it was learnt from the ſervants, that the duke and the prince had actually had a rencounter in that place, and that a woman was the cauſe of their diſpute: that it was not the prince, however, who killed the duke, but his ſon, who was in company with him: that the marquis de B* * *, a near relation of the duke, had, in conſequence of this report, met the eldeſt ſon of the prince, whom he fought, and killed.

His friend added, that this fatal cataſtrophe made him heir to the title and fortune of his father: that he would adviſe him to procure a diſpenſation from his vows; and that, in the mean time, he had taken care to execute in his name, all the formalities neceſſary on ſuch an occaſion.

It was evident, from this letter, that no one knew any thing of the chevalier's having been at Paris; and that my name was equally untalked of amidſt the various conjectures formed on theſe melancholy events. Our abode in France,

France, therefore, was no longer dangerous. A letter from the Malteſe ambaſſador to the chevalier confirmed all theſe accounts: ſo that their authenticity could not be doubted.

This produced a great revolution in the face of affairs. The chevalier de * * * found himſelf at once maſter of his own conduct, and an immenſe fortune. He could eaſily procure a diſpenſation from his vows: he was convinced of my love, and could not doubt my accepting his hand. Nothing leſs than ſuch powerful reaſons could have conſoled him for the loſs of his father, and ſoftened the remorſe he felt at being, in ſome meaſure, the cauſe of his brother's death: for it was obvious that the Marquis de B * * *'s ignorance of the chevalier's having been at Paris, had directed his vengeance to the elder brother, as the only one who could have ſeconded his father in his rencounter with the duke of Med * * *.

The news of the deaths of the prince de * * * and his ſon, were ſoon ſpread over Toulon. All the city came to pay their reſpects to the chevalier on the occaſion; and ſervice was performed in great pomp in honour of the deceaſed, at which the whole town aſſiſted. The biſh of Toulon delivered the funeral ſerm I was preſent incognito, having avoid maki

making myself known in that city, to escape those ceremonies to which I must otherwise have submitted. The orator praised the virtues of the prince de * * *, of which it must be owned he had many. But when, painting his love for justice, he celebrated the protection he had always granted to the weak, and particularly to that sex whose only support is their virtue, is it thus, said I to myself, that the temple of truth is profaned? and do its ministers thus impose on the people, by ascribing to the great, who are no more, qualities which they never possessed? Can it be supposed that they will amend their lives, when their very vices, after they are dead, are changed to virtues, to blazen their memory? During the funeral oration of a great man, all those whom he has oppressed should be permitted to arise, and interrupt the orator, by a narration of the injuries they have received from the man whose praises he trumpets forth. This public accusation, shadow of that terrible day of judgment, in which we shall appear before the throne of God, would be a far more powerful incentive to virtue, than all the panegyrics so liberally bestowed on the dead. But no: flattery is so abject, that it would pay

homage even where it had nothing more to fear.

The chevalier was extremely desirous of returning to Paris, of giving his lieutenant the command of the vessel to conduct her to Malta, and immediately endeavouring to procure a dispensation from his vows, that he might offer me his fortune and his hand. He pressed me strongly to return: Salmoni advised me to it; and Icoglan fell at my knees twenty times a day, to conjure me not to refuse his friend this satisfaction. My own heart was, I confess, their accomplice, and pleaded against myself.—What, said I, shall love triumph over the duties of nature? My father is labouring under misfortunes, and shall I abandon him to go in pursuit of fortune? No, chevalier, my resolution is fixed. Whatever it may cost me, I will go to Amasia, see my father, embrace him in my arms, and return to be yours. Yes, I here vow to you, that I will return; and let my love guarantee my promise. This heart have I preserved to you, even when it had not a single ray of hope to support its constancy. I will bring it back wholly yours: I will bring you a spouse worthy you; a wife who, I trust, will not have a single action throughout her life to reproach herself

with

with. Agree with me, that, if the aſtoniſhing revolution, which has taken place in our deſtiny, were capable of making me forget the moſt ſacred ties of nature, I ſhould no longer deſerve your love.—

The chevalier could not but applaud my reſolution, and at laſt acceded to it, though with grief. It was determined that he ſhould conduct me to Naples, as had at firſt been intended: that he ſhould remain there during my abſence, and endeavour to accompliſh his purpoſe, whilſt he awaited my return. As delays increaſed his impatience, he reſolved that we ſhould embark the next day; and, the wind being favourable, he would put to ſea immediately.

We had made a much longer ſtay at Toulon than we had propoſed. The chevalier wrote to the grand-maſter by a ſmall veſſel, that was going directly to Malta, the reaſons which had detained him. He offered to indemnify the order for the expences which this delay might have occaſioned it, by the long ſtay of the crew in a foreign port; and finiſhed by requeſting his diſmiſſion, and the grand-maſter's intereſt in obtaining a diſpenſation from his vows. He wrote, at the ſame time, to his

friend at Paris, to acquaint him with his intentions, the abode he was about to take at Naples, and the time when he might hope to preſent himſelf at the French court. To this he added a letter for the Malteſe ambaſſador, that he might ſolicit the mediation of the king with the pope, to releaſe him from the ties of his order.

CHAP. XIX.

A voyage, and ſea fight.

WHEN the chevalier had taken all the ſteps neceſſary previous to our departure, we went on board the galley. His care to render my paſſage as agreeable as poſſible had been extreme. The cabin deſigned for me was furniſhed with incredible taſte and elegance. He preſented me to his officers; and announcing me under my title of a Turkiſh princeſs, who was ſoon to be united to him by the moſt ſacred ties, they paid me every poſſible reſpect and attention. The cheval-

was adored by his comrades: and to this, more than to myſelf, did I owe their eagerneſs to ſhow their attachment to me. The chevalier took care that I ſhould be ſerved with truly regal magnificence. At my firſt repaſt on board the veſſel, he and all his officers were preſent to aſſiſt at my dinner; and he took upon himſelf to be my ſervitor. I ſtrongly oppoſed this exceſs of honour, and requeſted him not to deprive me of the pleaſure of eating with him and his friends, during the time we had to ſpend together. He yielded to my requeſt, and thenceforward no diſtinction was made.

Our paſſage was very agreeable; for though it was the depth of winter, the mildneſs of the climate prevented the cold from being diſagreeable, and the wind from being troubleſome. For a few days, however, we made but little way, and what wind there was, was contrary; ſo we had no reſource but our oars, or working to windward.

We had been ten days from Toulon, when, early in the morning, a veſſel hove in ſight. The chevalier and his officers examined her attentively with their glaſſes, and agreed that ſhe was a Tuniſian, of force inferior to us. On this, orders were given immediately to

chace. The chevalier came to me, to repreſent the little danger ſuch an engagement could have, that I might not be alarmed.—Beſides, ſaid he, fighting under your eye, I muſt conquer.—

The air of confidence and gaiety, which accompanied this diſcourſe, made me quite at eaſe; and being naturally courageous, I was willing to loſe nothing of a fight ſo new to me. I went upon deck, therefore, nor could I avoid admiring the noble ſatisfaction that appeared in the countenances of every one of the chevaliers, at the approach of a moment that would probably be fatal to ſome of them.

One action of a chevalier I ſhall never forget. We were all on deck, extremely gay. This young man came up to the chevalier ſmiling.—General, ſaid he, this raſcal of a Tuniſian may, perhaps, have a ſhot or two in one of his lockers intended as a preſent for me, that I may be forced to accept, in ſpite of my teeth. Before I receive this favour, I wiſh to inform you, that yeſterday I had ſome words with the chevalier C * * *. But for this Tuniſian, we ſhould have fought as ſoon as we got aſhore. I do not wiſh to die in hatred with my comrades: I believe I was in the wrong: beg of him to receive my excuſes:

excuſes: and for this favour I promiſe you a few Tuniſian ears extraordinary.—The chevalier C * * *, who was preſent, fell on the young man's neck, with an effuſion of joy and friendſhip difficult to deſcribe. Every one in turn took him in his arms, and thus carried him as it were in triumph. The chevalier took him by the hand, and preſenting him to me with enthuſiaſm,—will you refuſe, ſaid he, to reward ſo noble a proceeding?—I was affected even to tears, and, ſharing in their tranſports, I embraced him heartily; then taking from my neck a rich diamond croſs of Malta, which I wore out of regard to the chevalier, I put it on him with my own hands, with a ſatisfaction which none can feel but thoſe whoſe hearts beat reſponſive at the ſight of a noble action.

We were now coming up with the corſair very faſt, as ſhe was a dull ſailer. The chevalier had placed four guns on the forecaſtle, which were brought to bear upon her; and, as ſoon as we were within half gunſhot, he began firing. The enemy then lay athwart our hawſe, and let fly a broadſide, which did us but little miſchief, as almoſt all her ſhot went on one ſide or the other of us. The galley ſtill ſtanding on, in ſpite of

the enemies ſmall arms, which played pretty ſmartly for about a quarter of an hour, ſhe grappled the corſair. The chevaliers inſtantly boarded her, with a courage new to the eyes of a woman, and, in leſs than ten minutes, were maſters of the veſſel. The Maltese flag was hoiſted over the Tuniſian; and the chevalier, taking on board his own galley the crew of his prize, ſent ſome of the chevaliers, with a few ſailors, on board the latter; ordering them to make ſail for Genoa, from which port we were not far diſtant, to ſell the prize there, and proceed by land to join the galley at Naples, where we hoped to be in a few days.

In the evening we celebrated this little victory. Only two of the chevaliers were wounded, and five ſoldiers, and theſe but ſlightly. The enemy had ſix killed, and ſome wounded. They were but five and twenty at firſt; of courſe we made nineteen priſoners. The chevalier, who was extremely humane, directed the wounded to be taken great care of; and though they were all ſlaves by the laws of war, he treated them with generoſity, and endeavoured to make their chains ſit as eaſy as poſſible.

Though the chevalier many times, during the engagement, preſſed me ſtrongly

ſtrongly to retire to a place of ſafety, I was deſirous of ſeeing every thing, and would not quit the deck. Salmoni and Icoglan behaved nobly in this action. Icoglan, who had a great regard for the chevalier, did not quit him a moment; and, from the inſtant of their boarding the veſſel, he was always before him; and I many times obſerved the chevalier take him by the arm ſmiling, to have room to make a ſtroke at an enemy, from whom Icoglan was endeavouring to guard him.

In the evening my young knight made his appearance with ſeven or eight ſabres which he had taken from the enemy.—Princeſs, ſaid he, I have done but little to deſerve the croſs you have beſtowed on me; yet ſuffer me to lay at your feet this ſlender trophy, for which I am indebted to the honour of fighting under your auſpices.—We all laughed at this act of chivalry. I embraced him a ſecond time, and promiſed to take great care of the trophy which he had preſented to me.

We ſpent the evening with unuſual gaiety. It ſeemed as if the danger we had ſhared in common, had baniſhed all conſtraint and ceremony. I was taxed with imprudence, for uſeleſsly expoſing myſelf; but, at the ſame time, my re-

ſolution was praiſed, which had never once failed me. How, indeed, was it poſſible for me to withdraw? All that was dear to me was there; and I could not bear for a moment to loſe ſight of my friends in danger.

Whilſt mirth reigned amongſt us, I perceived Salmoni to be rather ſerious. I openly rallied him on it.—Princeſs, ſaid he, I aſſure you, I partake the general joy. If I have appeared thoughtful for a moment, it was not from ſorrow or chagrin. This was the reaſon: the perſon of one of theſe ſlaves ſtruck me. I have a confuſed idea of it, and was endeavouring to recollect where I had ſeen him; but in vain; this gave me, for a moment, that thoughtful air which your goodneſs obſerved. You ſee it did not merit the obliging attention with which you honoured it.

Nothing can be more eaſy, my dear Salmoni, ſaid the chevalier, than to ſatisfy your curioſity to-morrow. The ſlave is at your command, diſpoſe of him as you pleaſe; you ſhall interrogate him at your leiſure. Salmoni thanked him, reſumed his gaiety, and it was thought of no more.

The chevalier then taking Icoglan by the hand, ſaid,—You would not believe, my friends, that this was the man with whom

whom I was moſt diſpleaſed during the action. It is neceſſary that I puniſh him for having always inſolently placed himſelf before me, taking the lead of his commanding officer.—This renewed our laughing; and the chevalier, taking from his pocket a *chevalier ſervant's* croſs, put it on him, ſaying,—I will anſwer for the order's ratifying this preſent, to which I add a penſion of two thouſand crowns. And to puniſh you for this want of reſpect to the general of a galley, I baniſh you from Malta, to attend on that lady, till it ſhall be her pleaſure to diſmiſs you. All the chevaliers promiſed that he would be confirmed in his poſt by the whole order, and rallied him on his puniſhment of being exiled till I ſhould pleaſe to revoke the ſentence.

The night was pretty far advanced before we aroſe from table. Having need of repoſe, we ſeparated, with mutual promiſes to keep up that agreeable freedom which had reigned this evening.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Adventures of a ſlave.

THE inſtant Salmoni aroſe the next morning, he profited by the permiſſion the chevalier had given him to order the ſlave, whom he could not baniſh from his mind, to be brought before him. He examined him attentively a long time, without ſpeaking a word, and was confirmed in his opinion that he knew him; but ſtill he could not recollect where he had ſeen him. The ſlave, on his part, ſeemed to view Salmoni with an uneaſy curioſity, as if endeavouring to recall to mind features not unknown to him. Salmoni, at laſt breaking ſilence, ſaid to him in Italian, —Friend, I know thee; but tell me in what ſituation I have ſeen thee, and if I can be of ſervice.—The ſlave did not permit him to finiſh: an univerſal tremor ſeized him; the voice of Salmoni having brought him to his recollection. —O Mahomet, cried he, I am a dead man!—and falling at Salmoni's feet,—Ah! ſir, ſpare a life that has once already been nearly taken by your hand, and do not puniſh a wretch led aſtray by

by the temptation of wealth.—This diſcourſe, which was unintelligible to Salmoni, ſerved only to heighten his curioſity.—Whatever ill thou haſt done me, ſaid he, I pardon thee; and promiſe thee, not only to ſpare thy life, but to do every thing in my power to procure thy liberty. But ſatisfy my curioſity: how have I been near taking away thy life? What crime didſt thou commit againſt me? Speak, and fear nothing.—

The chevalier and I had now joined them, and were not a little attentive to the converſation. The ſlave anſwered, —I am unworthy of ſuch goodneſs, and heaven has undoubtedly brought me hither to expiate the crimes of which I have been guilty towards you. Do you remember, ſir, the galley ſlave, whoſe liberty you procured at Marſeilles, to conduct you to Iman, the merchant of Fez, who had carried off your miſtreſs? —Good heaven! cried Salmoni, it is he: I now know him.—Do you recollect, continued the ſlave, the man whom you ſtabbed under the wall of the ſeraglio?—The circumſtance I have not forgotten, ſaid Salmoni; but I never knew the man.—It was I. See before you the criminal who was ſeeking your deſtruction, the deſtruction of all that was moſt

moſt dear to you. Providence is juſt; it made me then ſurvive your ſtroke; but its patience is exhauſted, and it has prolonged my life only to offer you a more complete revenge in my ſlavery.

We were dumb with aſtoniſhment at this unexpected confeſſion.—Thou art the man that I ſtabbed, ſaid Salmoni, and thou art yet alive! How inſcrutable are the decrees of Heaven! but be comforted: I have ſworn to pardon thee, nor do I repent my oath. The princeſs, whom thou ſeeſt, whoſe intereſts thy audacity then betrayed, will guaranty my promiſe.—

Is that the daughter of Achmet? Is that the infant whom Fatima had in her arms? I am then more criminal than I thought myſelf. To make you fully acquainted with my conduct, continued the ſlave, I muſt go back to that period when I diſappeared from on board the tartan, which you hired for your paſſage from Marſeilles to Fez. That was owing to chance alone; nor was I then to blame. You may remember, that the heat was then exceſſive. That night the weather was calm: I was deſirous of bathing, but feared the ſailors would prevent me, if I mentioned it to them. With this deſign I ſtole to the poop: the helmſman was faſt aſleep. I ſtripped off my

my ſhirt and drawers, and, taking hold of a rope, let myſelf down gently into the ſea. Having entangled my cloaths, they fell into the water after me. This circumſtance removed every trace of the manner in which I quitted the veſſel. I would not return on board to replace them, but let them float by my ſide till I had done bathing. You well know, that, in my country, men are ſo much accuſtomed to the water, and, from their infancy, habituated to ſwim whole days, that it is almoſt as much our element as the land.

After having well bathed, I remained a few moments on my back without ſtirring. The coolneſs of the ſea had allayed the velocity of my blood, too much agitated by the heat of the day. Would you believe it? Sleep ſurprized me in this poſition; and when I awoke, the wind having freſhened, the tartan was out of ſight. Judge of my fright when nothing but the ſea and ſky preſented itſelf to my view. Terror rendered me almoſt immoveable. My ſtrength began to fail me: I was afraid the leaſt motion would exhauſt it entirely; and, for ſix hours, I floated on my tomb, into which hunger and fatigue muſt ſoon ſink me. About noon I perceived a veſſel, and, from the courſe

courſe ſhe was ſteering, I judged that ſhe would paſs nigh me. Joy was now as near being fatal to me, as terror had been before. It gave me an univerſal tremor, which brought me within a hair's breadth of going down. Fortunately I calmed my agitation, and perceived clearly that the veſſel approached me faſt. Collecting all the ſtrength I had left, I ſwam to meet her. I ſoon after ſaw her hoiſt out her boat, and gueſſed that the crew had obſerved me. Not willing to give myſelf unneceſſary fatigue, I awaited patiently the boat's coming up to me. This it ſoon did, and I got into it. To deſcribe my feelings at that moment would be impoſſible. They were too much for me: I fainted.

When I recovered my ſenſes, I found myſelf in the cabin. My deliverers were round me; and, having given me every aſſiſtance in their power, queſtioned me on my ſituation. I related all that had happened to me. They could not conceive how a man could have remained in the water, from midnight till after five o'clock in the evening, without periſhing. The ſituation however, in which they found me, and the exhauſted ſtate I was in, perſuaded them of the veracity of my report. I found

that

that I was in a veſſel of Marſeilles, bound to the Levant. I neither concealed my religion, nor my country, from my preſervers: and thoſe Frenchmen, with the greateſt humanity, after having ſaved my life, furniſhed me with cloaths, gave me every neceſſary of life, and landed me at Conſtantinople.

Having no other reſource, I betook myſelf to the occupation of a porter, to gain a livelihood. One day I recollected, in a man who employed me, the very merchant in ſearch of whom you went to Fez. Seeing him brought you to my remembrance. I made myſelf known to this man, whoſe ſervant I had formerly been; and, thinking the news might be pleaſing to his mind, ſo thirſty after gain, I informed him that you were in ſearch of him; and that the woman, whom I, when under his command, had aſſiſted him in carrying off from Genoa, was the object of your purſuit.

All his inquiries, ſaid he, will be fruitleſs. That woman, now called Fatima, is in the ſeraglio of the grand ſeignor, to whom her former maſter ſold her; and, however amorous he may be, I doubt not but he will find it impoſſible to get her thence.

When

When I had performed the buſineſs on which Iman had employed me, he payed me, and I ſaw him no more. Sometime after this the boſtangi-bachi, who was getting ſome work done in the gardens of the ſeraglio, was extremely diſſatisfied with the eunuchs, who were much too ſlow in performing their taſk. He thought he might employ ſome common workmen to finiſh the buſineſs, without being diſcovered; notwithſtanding the ſevere prohibitions againſt introducing any ſuch perſons within the walls of the ſeraglio. He choſe out ſome of the ſtrongeſt, and I was one of the number.

This was the firſt ſtep that led to the ruin of myſelf, of you, of your miſtreſs, and of the unfortunate boſtangi, who was ſtrangled. The new workmen were ſoon noticed by the ſlaves in the ſervice of the ſeraglio. Some of theſe women, yet young, wearied of the conſtraint in which they lived, very readily formed connexions with us, and I was not the laſt to have a miſtreſs. I ſoon learnt that ſhe was a ſlave of Fatima's, who had juſt been appointed governeſs to the young princeſs, the daughter of the ſultana Aſki. From the information I obtained from my miſtreſs, I ſuſpected this Fatima to be her whom you ſought; but

but this diſcovery, at that time, intereſted me little.

Some time after this, as I was walking through the ſtreets of Conſtantinople, on a holiday, I was greatly ſurprized at ſeeing you. The Turkiſh habit, which you had aſſumed, did not prevent my recollecting you. I followed you; noticed the caravanſary at which you had taken up your reſidence; and readily gueſſed the motive of your diſguiſe, and the object that drew you thither.

To my ſhame I confeſs, I then conceived the horrible project of ſacrificing you to better my fortune. I ſeek not to excuſe myſelf; but if you will reflect that I ſaw in you only a Chriſtian, and, of courſe, a man whom to deſtroy would be acting in conformity to the tenets of my religion, and that I was, moreover, a wretch without reſource, condemned to labour all his life for a ſcanty ſubſiſtance, you muſt allow that it would have been difficult for me to reſiſt the temptation of a fortune, which would ſet me above want, without doing any thing that my religion would conſider as a crime.

Not willing, however, to undertake any thing without reflection, I employed myſelf many days in following you, that

that I might be certain you were the man I ſuſpected. The notice you ſeemed to take of me ſeveral times, rendered me more cautious, and convinced me that I was not miſtaken. I ſaw you ſpeak to the young Icoglan: I then no longer doubted your deſign.

Immediately I opened my mind to my miſtreſs. I painted to her the advantages we ſhould derive from betraying you and Fatima. I told her, that the only recompence I ſhould aſk of the ſultan ſhould be her liberty, which he would no doubt grant me. This aſſurance determined her. I requeſted her to watch Fatima carefully, to endeavour to learn the place and time of your carrying her off, that ſhe might inform me of it; as it would be neceſſary to wait till then, to give the ſultan an unequivocal proof of the elopement of that favourite ſlave, which I intended to diſcover to him. She promiſed faithfully to attend to my inſtructions, and unhappily kept her word but too well.

Fatima's abſence for two months with the ſultana Aſki, gave me no leſs impatience than it did yourſelf. I noticed you at different times. By the melancholy of your countenance, I ſaw what your mind ſuffered; and thence concluded, that Fatima had conſented to

follow

follow you; and that your having been ſo long without hearing from her, was the cauſe of your diſquiet.

At length ſhe returned. The next day my miſtreſs came to the place where I was at work, to tell me, that Fatima was juſt gone out, covered with a veil, to conceal her from every eye. I flew from the gardens to the place where you lodged; hid myſelf in a corner; ſaw her give you the billet, and the tranſport with which you read it. From that moment, till the next evening, I did not loſe ſight of you. I ſpent the night under your window, leſt you ſhould take ſome ſtep without my knowledge. In the evening I ſaw you give your anſwer to the ſame woman in a veil. This was what I wanted. I returned to the ſeraglio, and told the ſlave, who was under the greateſt anxiety at not having ſeen me for four and twenty hours, all that I had obſerved. I charged her to make every poſſible attempt to come at the letter which you had given Fatima. I made her ſenſible how much the ſucceſs of our ſcheme, and our future fortune, depended on the knowledge of its contents: ſhe vowed to leave no ſtone unturned to procure it.

In fact, at eight o'clock the next morning, I ſaw her eagerly running towards

wards me. Here it is, ſaid ſhe. Fatima was juſt now reading it, and the ſultan coming in unexpectedly, ſhe threw it haſtily into a porphyry vaſe. She is gone to Aſki with the grand ſeignor. I have taken it out; read it quickly, that I may carry it back to the place where I found it. I read it. Seeing the hour of rendezvous, I determined at all events to efface the word *midnight*, and ſubſtitute *eleven o'clock*; perſuading myſelf, that Fatima would attribute to her agitation the not obſerving the eraſure, before I returned the billet to the ſlave, who replaced it in the vaſe.

I was now acquainted with the hour intended for her flight; but this was far from ſufficient. I neither knew the place at which ſhe was to make her eſcape, nor the means you had concerted to effect it. I imagined that I might make further diſcoveries by watching you. I returned therefore in ſearch of you. I at laſt found you in the ſuburb of Pera, where you were holding a long converſation with a French captain, to whom you gave ſome money. You left the captain, and I reſolved to be a ſpy upon him. I offered my ſervices to him as a porter. He accepted them; and employed me to carry on board his veſſel a large cheſt. On the way he

wer

went into a cartwright's ſhop, and ordered a ladder of twenty feet, and a crook with a handle. I eaſily gueſſed the intention of theſe implements. I had now to learn in what manner they were to be employed; particularly the crook, the uſe of which I could not gueſs. Having carried the cheſt on board, I took ſufficient notice of the veſſel, to be able to know her again in the midſt of an hundred others.

When I had left the French captain, I went to another ſhop, and ordered a ladder and a crook of the ſame dimenſions, and returned to the ſeraglio, extremely anxious how to diſcover the place at which Fatima intended to make her eſcape. My evil genius ſerved me but too well on this occaſion.

Fatima, and her women, came ſeveral days following to amuſe themſelves with a ſwing, which was near the wall of the gardens of the old ſeraglio. Except the ſlaves who knew the workmen, none of the women had any ſuſpicion of us, whom they took for the ordinary inhabitants of the place. The third evening Fatima coming, according to cuſtom, to amuſe herſelf with the ſwing, ordered one of us to call the boſtangi-bachi. I executed this order. The boſtangi haſtened to her. Fatima's

ma's power in the ſeraglio was well known, and every one trembled before her.

Boſtangi, ſaid ſhe, this ſwing is too low; I will have it raiſed to a level with the top of the wall, that I may enjoy, without any danger, the pleaſing view of Conſtantinople and the ſea.

The boſtangi obeyed; and immediately ſome workmen climbed up to the higheſt branches of the two trees, from which the ſwing was ſuſpended. To theſe they faſtened the cords by which it hung; ſo that the ſeat was on an horizontal line with the top of the wall. A ladder was brought to aſcend it, and Fatima tried it immediately.

This gave me the information I wanted. I ſaw that, by the motion of the ſwing, ſhe could paſs the wall at pleaſure. I no longer doubted her deſign, and eaſily conceived the purpoſe for which the crook was to be employed.

Fully ſatisfied on every point, I waited impatiently for the day on which the ſcheme was to be carried into execution. My plan was to conduct Fatima to the palace-yard; to preſent myſelf to the ſultan; diſcover to him the plot; point out both you and the French veſſel; and having ſo many convincing proofs, de-

ma

mand a reward proportioned to the greatneſs of the ſervice. Had I foreſeen that the princeſs was to have been the companion of her flight, with what a fortune would my hopes have been flattered!

We could none of us avoid trembling at the avowal of ſo black a deſign.— How couldſt thou be capable, ſaid Salmoni, of forming ſuch a ſcheme? Wretch! didſt thou not know, that God is the ſame in every country, and that his vengeance ever purſues a traitor?—

Ah! ſir, anſwered the ſlave, you know not how ſlavery and avarice degrade the ſoul. To him, whom they lead aſtray, every crime they inſpire appears compatible with juſtice. He perceives not their guilt till his ſchemes have failed.

The moment at length arrived. Your arm laid me expiring on the ground; and ſince that fatal moment I never knew what became of you, of Fatima, or of the infant ſhe had with her. I even yet am ignorant who conveyed me from the place where I lay. All I know is, that, at the end of eight days, my [illegible] returned; but my memory was [illegible]ed; and all that had happened to me ſeemed as it were a dream. I ſaw myſelf ſurrounded with janiſſaries, who

kept a ſtrict watch over me. I aſked a few queſtions, but could obtain no anſwer. I afterwards learnt that the ſultan had forbidden the leaſt interrogation to be put to me, under pain of death. The ſurgeon told me, that it was neceſſary for me to keep ſilence on account of my wounds; that I was out of danger; but the leaſt imprudence uld again put my life at ſtake.

I obeyed, and awaited the iſſue, but not without anxiety. Five or ſix days after, when my ſtrength appeared a little recovered, I was carried out of my chamber on a mattraſs. I croſſed a number of apartments, which were entirely unknown to me. There was no perſon in any of them, and I ſaw only the janiſſaries who carried me, and the ſurgeon who accompanied me.

We at laſt arrived in one that appeared more ſplendid than the others. I was placed on a couch; the janiſſaries withdrew, and the ſurgeon remained by my ſide.

Soon after a man richly dreſſed entered: I knew him to be the ſultan. The ſurgeon proſtrated himſelf before him.—Riſe, ſaid Achmet: do you he has ſtrength enough to ſpeak?—ſurgeon aſſured him that I could

port a converſation of two hours; and feeling my pulſe, added, that the agitation I then ſhowed was occaſioned by the unexpected ſight of his highneſs.

The ſultan made a ſign to the ſurgeon to withdraw. When that great prince was alone with me, he endeavoured with that tone of affability which goes to the heart, to remove the terror his preſence had given me.—Speak, ſaid he, and rely upon my clemency: but remember, I exact ſincerity: I am informed of every thing, and diſſimulation will be uſeleſs.—

He ſtood patiently liſtening to me for an hour and a half. I related to him every thing that you have juſt heard. He, from time to time, made me ſtop, whilſt he wrote, with a pencil, on the leaves of a pocket book, which he held in his hand.

When I had done he clapped his hands, and four ſlaves entered. Then, with a ſtern voice, which made me tremble,—Go inſtantly, ſaid he, let the boſtangi-bachi be ſtrangled, and let his head be expoſed on a ſpike at the gate of the moſque, with theſe words, *Infringer s of the ſeraglio.*—The ſlaves went

This order curdled my blood.—Heavens, cried I, this is the firſt victim of my crimes.—My eyes were filled with tears. The ſultan ſeemed not to notice the words that eſcaped me, or the tears I ſhed.—Thou haſt no knowledge, ſaid he, of the child which Fatima had with her.—No, anſwered I: I ſwear I have not.—He ſighed deeply, and walked about in ſilence for ſome time.—This then, ſaid he, is all thou knoweſt?—Yes, replied I.—If it be ſo, thou ſhalt not die.—But remember, if thou reveal any thing thou haſt told me, thy life ſhall anſwer for it. Above all, I charge thee not to diſcover to any one that Salmoni is a Chriſtian, that Fatima had an infant with her when ſhe eſcaped, or that the Icoglan had any concern in this affair. The ſlave of the ſeraglio, who was thy confidant, is already dead; the leaſt indiſcretion, therefore, muſt be aſcribed to thee. Avarice was thy guide: thou wouldſt have committed a crime; thou haſt been puniſhed for it. Hadſt thou ſucceeded, puniſhment had awaited thee: it is the only reward I give a traitor. Be gone: get thyſelf cured, and leave my dominions.—

The ſultan left me; the janiſ re-entered, and I was carried

The laſt words of the prince overwhelmed me with confuſion. I was like a man ſinking under an enormous burden. All the horror of my conduct flaſhed full upon my imagination. I could ſcarce conceive how heaven had ſuffered a wretch to live, who had cauſed the unhappineſs, perhaps the death, of the man, who had once generouſly freed him from the chains of ſlavery. I recovered ſlowly from my wound; and left the country agreeably to the order of the ſultan. Since that moment, miſery, the remembrance of my crimes, and the ſhades of thoſe I had wronged, haunted my ſteps. I have grown old in indigence and misfortune, and have lived till now, to ſhow you your perſecutor, purſued by the juſtice of heaven, and expiring at your feet, with a heart torn by remorſe, and dread of the wrath of an avenging God.

The wretch did not deceive us. Scarcely had he done ſpeaking, when he was ſeized with a fit, and fell down at our feet. He was carried off, and expired a few hours after.

The ſudden death of this man, the painful remembrances which his narrative had brought to the mind of Salimi, and our ſorrow for the loſs of

Emilia, which it awakened, threw a cloud over the joy of the preceding evening. We adored that Providence who permits no crime to remain concealed, and who delays the ſtroke of vengeance but to render it more ſignal.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Maria Cecilia's arrival in Turkey.—Interview with her father.—Salmoni killed.

WE ſoon after arrived at Naples. Not finding a ready conveyance to Turkey, the chevalier, who preſſed my departure, in hopes of my ſpeedy return, perſuaded me to go to Venice, where I could not fail of meeting an opportunity of embarking immediately. I followed his advice; and we went to that city, where I found a veſſel that was to ſail for the Morea the next day. It was the time of the carnival. Every face I ſaw was wax and paper; not one, even of the loweſt claſs, was without a maſk. I had already ſeen a ſpecimen of this mania in France, which appeared to me equally extravagant and indecent. I had obſerved, on ſuch an occaſion, depravation and licentiouſneſs meet applauſe;

plauſe; the chaſteſt ear compelled to hear the moſt indelicate language; and actions, the moſt reprehenſible, appearing publicly in the face of day. I never could conceive the policy of indulging a nation in an expenſive pleaſure, which every year carries them a ſtage farther on the road of depravity. Were a philoſopher to take the trouble, for a ſeries of years, to obſerve theſe modern ſaturnalia, at which the face is maſked, and the heart laid bare, he might eaſily calculate the progreſs of vice, and corruption of manners.

I went on board; and, notwithſtanding the probability of our ſoon meeting never to ſeparate more, our parting was extremely painful. When I tore myſelf from the arms of the chevalier, my heart felt a ſorrow, which neither the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my father, nor the expectation of ſoon returning to my lover, could diſſipate. Salmoni accompanied me. The chevalier wiſhed to keep Icoglan. I conſented to it; for I knew he had need of ſome one with whom he might converſe freely about me, and into whoſe boſom he might pour thoſe tears which my abſence would compel him to ſhed.

At

At laſt we parted. Even now, whilſt I write it, grief almoſt ſtops the current of life: we parted—never to meet again.—Since that fatal moment, forty years have paſſed heavily over my head, yet my wound bleeds ſtill.

Neither Salmoni nor I changed our dreſs on our arrival in Turkey. I aſked the baſhaw of Smyrna for a paſſport, that I might go with ſafety to Amaſia. I ſhowed him, that I came from the king of France. Out of reſpect to his name, he immediately granted my requeſt, and gave me four janiſſaries, to conduct me, and protect me from inſult.

After a tireſome journey, I at laſt arrived at Amaſia. I had no one with me but Salmoni, the coachman who had joined me at Toulon, and the ſervant whom the prince de *** had corrupted, whoſe zeal had been indefatigable ſince the pardon I had generouſly granted him.

My firſt care was to find out the palace which Achmet inhabited. The eagerneſs of my inquiries, and the different queſtions I aſked, with a view to diſcover the moſt certain and ready methods of getting an interview with him, made me ſuſpected. It may be ſuppoſed, that, in my father's ſituation, he

was ſurrounded with ſpies; that every perſon, who deſired to be admitted to him, was ſtrictly examined; and the moſt innocent circumſtances rigidly ſcrutinized.

I did not, at firſt, perceive the impreſſion my curioſity made on people; but I learnt it from the danger I ran ſoon after. A Turk, who, no doubt, was a ſpy, repreſented the gaining an admiſſion to the place of his retreat as extremely difficult, and only to be obtained by employing a perſon of intelligence to corrupt, by a conſiderable preſent, the aga, who was appointed to guard him. With an air of frankneſs, to which I was an eaſy dupe, he offered his ſervices to conduct this intrigue. On his aſking me under what name he ſhould mention me to the aga, I told him, a French woman, whom the deſire of ſeeing ſo great a prince had brought from her own country. The name of a French woman heightened his ſuſpicions. It was well known how greatly Achmet had been eſteemed in Europe; and he concluded, that there was certainly ſome conſpiracy on foot to reſtore that prince to his throne, of which I was ſent to inform him. This man, to whom I had given the money which

which I intended for the aga, to make him favour my wiſhes, inſtead of executing his commiſſion, went to the cadi of Amaſia, to give information of what his fancy repreſented to him as an indubitable fact.

I little ſuſpected the ſtorm that was ariſing, but quietly awaited the ſucceſs of his negociation. I had been informed that the gardens of the palace, in which my father dwelt, were bounded by a ſmall river, that runs near Amaſia; that he frequently walked in thoſe gardens; and that any perſon might have a ſight of him without the leaſt fear. I could not reſiſt the deſire which this diſcovery gave me. I propoſed to Salmoni to take a boat, and make an excurſion on the river, ſaying,—That, perhaps, we might have the pleaſure of ſeeing him in the gardens; and that he, who knew him ſo well, might eaſily point him out to me.—

Salmoni, after raiſing ſome objections, which I overruled, conſented to my propoſal. We went out, but not without being cloſely watched; took a boat, and towed by the garden, which we narrowly examined. We had ſcarcely been on the water a quarter of an hour, when the bank oppoſite to the garden was

covered

covered with ſpahis and janiſſaries.—They cried out to us in the Turkiſh language, which we both perfectly underſtood, to land on their ſide of the river. The watermen were preparing to obey. Salmoni, who foreſaw our danger, drew a brace of piſtols, and threatened to blow out their brains, if they did not return to the city, where we ſhould have leſs to fear from the fury of the ſoldiers.

The janiſſaries, perceiving Salmoni's deſign, fired on us, with the muzzles of their pieces almoſt cloſe to the boat. The unfortunate Salmoni was ſhot, and fell dead at my feet. I threw myſelf on his body, which I watered with my tears. The frightened watermen rowed aſhore immediately; and the brutal aſſaſſins tore me from his bloody corſe.

Enraged at this barbarity, and the indignity with which they treated me, deſperation revived that ſtrength which the horror of the ſcene had nearly taken from me. They dragged me ignominiouſly before the cadi. Hitherto the ſituation in which I ſaw myſelf, and the imminent danger to which I was expoſed, had ſuffocated me, and, as it were, deprived me of the faculty of ſpeech. I appeared before the cadi; and

and his firſt words informed me of his ſuſpicions, occaſioned by my being at Amaſia. I was tottering on the brink of the grave; a ſingle moment was betwixt me and eternity; when, inſpired by Providence, I drew from my pocket, inſtinctively rather than from reflection, that fetfa which atteſted my birth; and, unfolding it before my executioners,—Tremble, traitors, ſaid I, and reſpect the blood of your ſovereigns.—

This was a ſtroke of thunder. The audacious wretches, whoſe arms were uplifted to ſacrifice me, fell with their faces to the ground, and trembling awaited my decrees. Viewing them in this ſituation, I could not avoid ſaying to myſelf,—ſee the empire of opinion over mankind! Theſe are the effects of ſlavery; haughtineſs to the weak, ſervility to the powerful! The murder of Salmoni had rouſed me to a pitch of madneſs. I confeſs, at that moment, I wiſhed for ſtrength to take off all their heads at one ſtroke. Injuſtice done to a haughty mind renders it barbarous.—Monſters, cried I, who have had the inſolence to aſſaſſinate a man of my ſuite, you ſhall not eſcape my vengeance. Riſe, and conduct me to the ſultan Achmet,

met, who was your maſter, and who is my father.—

Theſe wretches, ſtruck with terror, aroſe, and marched before me. I followed them haughtily; and, unwilling to be expoſed to the ſight of the populace, ordered them to cauſe the ſame reſpect to be paid to me as to the ſultanas of the ſeraglio. Inſtantly the ſtreets were deſerted, the windows cloſed, and no living being dared to appear in my way.

I paſſed through the city on foot; I arrived at the palace; and the guards, informed who I was by thoſe who went before me, let me paſs on till I came to Achmet. He was alone, reclined in an alcove, his head reſting on one of his hands, and appeared plunged in a profound revery. The noiſe I made on entering aroufed him. He looked on me with an air of majeſty, and, at the ſame time, complacency, that penetrated my ſoul. I threw myſelf at his feet: I ſhewed him the fetfa.—O, my father.—I could ſay no more; my ſtrength forſook me: a miſt came over my ſight; I ſunk ſenſeleſs to the ground.

When I came to myſelf, I was ſurrounded by women.—Where is my father? Where is he? cried I.—He appeared:

peared: he preſſed me to his boſom: he bedewed me with his tears. Happy moment! Not love itſelf could beſtow ſuch another. Never but then did I feel that felicity of which nature alone can impart an idea. This ſilent ſcene was too much for me. The phyſician, whom my father had called, repreſented to him, that our tranſports might endanger the lives of both. At this he left me.

The night following this interview I ſpent in the midſt of the women, whom Achmet had ordered to attend me. They were moſt attentively careful of me, but I could not cloſe my eyes. The affectionate careſſes of my father, the frightful ſpectacle of Salmoni's death, the dear remembrance of the chevalier, whoſe anxiety I painted to myſelf, all whirling through my brain, drove away every poſſibility of reſt. At length gratitude to the God whom I worſhipped, who had ſnatched me from the ſword ſuſpended over my head, took its turn in my mind. My thoughts, directed to the feebleneſs of human power, grew calm. To him I raiſed them: him I thanked for having led me to the arms of a father, as a reward for my obſervance of his law. I admired that ſtrict juſtice,

juſtice, which, in the death of Salmoni, had puniſhed that paſſion which formerly carried him to ſtab the traitor who carried off Fatima; and that mercy which had given him time to prepare himſelf, by a long exerciſe of Chriſtian virtues, to appear before the throne of judgement. From ſuch an unexpected loſs I learnt reſignation, and patient ſubmiſſion to others, which might be infinitely more ſevere. I offered up the following prayer from the bottom of my heart.—O God of all Chriſtians! called by thee to the knowledge of thy law, in the darkneſs of infancy, I left the palace of my father. I return to it after a term of five and twenty years. Grant that no other but thyſelf may receive my homage; and that I may preſerve, pure and unſpotted, the mind to which thou haſt revealed thy truth.

Scarcely was it day when my father ſent to aſk if my health would permit me to receive his viſit. With what eagerneſs did I deſire that he would enter. I was dreſſed. I ruſhed into his arms. An European education had freed me from that air of reſerve which an Aſiatic female never loſes My father noticed it: I obſerved him ſmile. —Pardon me, ſir, ſaid I; perhaps I am wanting

wanting in that reſpect to which you have been accuſtomed; but I have lived in a nation where the reſtraints of ceremony give way to the emotions of the heart.

His curioſity burnt to know my adventures: I gratified it fully. I did not omit a ſingle circumſtance; not even my love for the Chevalier de * * *. When I told him of Emilia, my attachment to her, her affection for me, and her death, to which I was a witneſs,—Ah! my daughter, cried he, from what a load have you relieved me! That unfortunate woman was ever before my eyes. In the firſt tranſports of my rage I ſet a price upon her head: the cruel miniſters of my vengeance ſerved me but too well. I think I ſee now that livid face, beſmeared with blood, which they one day brought me. God of Mahomet, how ſure are thy decrees! Emilia was not ſlain; my meſſengers were deceived; I am innocent of the crime: on their heads only will it fall.—

This brought to my remembrance the hiſtory of the Engliſhwoman, or rather the Italian, who was aſſaſſinated at London, and whoſe tragical end Salmoni had related. We concluded that it was her head which had been brought to Achmet.

Achmet. This diſcovery eaſed my father's mind, as his religion taught him to conſider himſelf innocent of a crime, whoſe victim was not the perſon his intention aimed at. Thus does paganiſm reaſon.

I had not dared to ſpeak to him of my mother. At laſt I mentioned her. The firſt words I uttered on the ſubject filled his eyes with tears.—Alas! ſaid he weeping, the day which deprived me of my daughter, took from me alſo the object of my love: your unhappy mother could not ſurvive your loſs, and, within four and twenty hours, I was bereft of the only two perſons who made life dear to me. Since that time I have not lived for myſelf, but for my people. Yet I have found that the poſſeſſion of a throne is not more ſtable than the enjoyments of the heart: I have loſt it: no doubt it was the will of heaven, and I ſubmit to it without repining.

When he ſpoke to me of the loſs of his throne, ſuch an air of majeſty appeared in all his features, that I could not avoid admiring the beauty of that great man, of which I had before taken little notice. His figure was elegant and well proportioned: his countenance was mild, though majeſtic: he had a lofty

loſty forehead, large blue eyes, with thick, black, well-arched eye brows; an aquiline noſe; a large, but handſome mouth; good teeth; lips rather thick; a long buſhy beard beginning to grow white; a long neck, which gave a gracefulneſs and dignity to the motions of his head; a muſcular arm, fleſhy hand, and handſome leg; though his walk was ſlow, which, perhaps, aroſe from cuſtom, and diſplayed more ſtrength than agility. He expreſſed himſelf well, though conciſely; poſſeſſing more elevation of genius, than cunningneſs of mind: compaſſionate and ſlow to judge; capable of ſupporting the greateſt fatigue, ſimple and innocent in his amuſements. Such was Achmet. Such was the man who had given laws to the legiſlator of Ruſſia; who had ſeen the conqueror of the north court the ſmiles of his miniſters; who had determined the fate of Perſia, and ſtrengthened his own power by protecting her; and whom his ſubjects had expelled from his throne, in recompenſe for the benefits he had procured them!

I waved the diſcourſe, and took no notice of the event which had deprived him of his ſceptre. I only ſaid, on his aſking what had induced me to brave ſo

many

many dangers to visit him,—Had you retained your dignities, perhaps you would never have seen me: but you have known misfortune: you had a daughter; it was her duty to seek you. —I perceived he was affected, and changed the conversation. I called his attention to the fate of Salmoni, which could not but interest him the more, as it was occasioned by that unfortunate man's attachment to me. Achmet gave a few tears to his memory, and ordered his funeral to be performed with all due solemnity. He remembered also the young icoglan, and condescended to ask if I knew him.

We spent some days in those pleasing effusions of sensibility, which are known and truly valued by the feeling heart alone. Hitherto my father had taken no notice of my religion. One day, however, he broke silence on that head. —I need not ask you, said he, what God you serve: educated in Italy, residing in France, loving a knight of Malta, my daughter must be a Christian.—Yes, answered I firmly: yes, I avow it openly, the respect I owe my God is above my fear of a father.—

He

He looked at me ſtedfaſtly for a few minutes without ſpeaking; and I thought I diſcovered in his looks a kind of veneration for my anſwer.—I ſee you have virtues, ſaid he; that is a great deal: but are you happy?—Yes, anſwered I, becauſe thoſe virtues, which ariſe from my ſentiments of morality, aſſure me of eternal felicity.—Continue, ſaid he, to believe in your God. A God who rewards virtue, and a religion that inſpires it, are the God, and the religion of all good minds. Toleration is the offspring of a ſincere love for our Creator; perſecution, of fanaticiſm.—This was all he ever ſaid on the ſubject.

The report of my arrival, and my beauty, had by this time reached the Turkiſh court. Mahomet V. could not reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing me. He wrote to Achmet to induce him to ſend me to Conſtantinople; and to inform him of the love he had conceived for me from the report of my charms.

My father brought me the letter which the ſultan had written. In it Mahomet announced to him the high honour which he deſtined me, and preſſed him to make me anſwer his condeſcenſion as I ought.

Two

Two reaſons prevent my compliance, ſaid I to my father; my religion, and the attachment which I have vowed to another. You have approved them; and Achmet cannot blame a heart capable of fidelity to its promiſe.—My father wrote an anſwer to Mahomet, acquainting him with my refuſal. This excited his choler; and, ſoon after, the beglierbeg of Natolia, at that time his confidential friend, brought me an aſſurance of his love, and his threats in caſe of a refuſal. Achmet was preſent when I received this ſtrange embaſſy. I aſked the deputy coolly, what charms of mine had made ſuch ravages in the heart of ſo great a prince. The beglierbeg, thinking this queſtion denoted a readineſs to yield, entered into an eloquent harangue on my various attractions, and finiſhed by ſaying, that it was above all my beautiful hair, ſo highly ſpoken of which his maſter idolized; that elegant hair, ornamenting a face, in which beauty and virtue ſhone through all the dignity of the Ottoman blood.

Taking a pair of ſciſſars, that were at hand, and cutting off my hair, which was certainly fine, cloſe to my neck,

—Carry

—Carry thy master, said I haughtily, the object of his love; and tell him, that a woman capable of such a sacrifice, knows no master but God and her own heart.—

Achmet, on this, embracing me, said, —Hitherto I have seen in you only a virtuous woman; you have now shown me the daughter of Achmet.—Then ordering pen, ink, and paper, he wrote to Mahomet as follows.

"I have only one daughter. Were my child of a different sex, you might sacrifice her to the security of your throne: customs and reasons of state would give you an excuse. My daughter is of the Ottoman race; she is of thy own blood; thou canst not treat her as a slave. Leave her at liberty: she will soon quit thy dominions; and do not, by an act of violence, make those who have placed thee on the throne blush at their choice.

ACHMET."

I confess I trembled for the event of this scene. Achmet encouraged me. —You know not, said he, the human heart. Fear is always the predominant passion of a weak man. He is either virtuous

virtuous or vicious, at the will of thoſe by whom he is ſwayed.—Achmet was not miſtaken: the anſwer of Mahomet was an order to all the baſhaws to furniſh me with whatever I might need on my journey, and to pay me all the honours due to my birth.—Of his love he made no further mention.

My father, who read what paſſed in my heart, and who ſo much the more noticed the ſacrifice which love made to nature, as I avoided mentioning it, preſſed me to depart.—Go, my child; go my dear Cecilia, ſaid he, where love expects you: go and reward the flame of him who was capable of diſcovering thy ſingular merit. I will not be ſo cruel as to abuſe the time you have had the generoſity to give to nature. Had I remained on the throne, hadſt thou been brought up in the law of Mahomet, I ſhould equally have loſt thee by giving thee a ſpouſe: I now have the ſatisfaction of knowing that thou wilt be happy. Go: the policy of the divan may perhaps this very moment require my head. Every day the ſun riſes on me; but I know not that I ſhall ſee it perform its courſe. Spare thine eyes a ſight that would break thy tender heart,

and

and would render death insupportable to thy father. Take my blessing: carry it to the husband of thy choice: may it extend to all thy posterity. It is the first time the blood of my race has mingled with that of Christians: may thy children exhibit to the world an union of the virtues of Asia and Europe.

CHAP. XXII.

Maria Cecilia parts with her father.—Concluſion.

THE laſt days I paſſed with my father were ſpent in tears. I had ſeen him; and who could ſee him without loving him? I was going to leave him; and I could not conceal from myſelf that it was for ever. Our parting was equally painful to us both. His heart was ready to burſt: and the firmneſs of that great man, who could loſe a throne unmoved, forſook him in the boſom of nature. The cruel day at laſt arrived; it was terrible: they tore me from his arms, and I loſt ſight of him for ever.

How different was this journey from the former one! I was alone: I had no longer Salmoni, who was then ſo neceſſary

sary to me. I had no resource but my two domestics. These poor fellows could not serve me without tears. I was dying, and my situation afflicted them. I endeavoured to amuse my imagination, with painting the transports of the chevalier on my return. It was in vain: even that picture gave me pain. Sad presension! fatal harbinger of the ills that were about to overwhelm me!

I refused all the honours that were offered me on my journey. I arrived at Smyrna, and finding there a vessel bound to Naples, embarked immediately. I had written to the chevalier, a few days before my departure from Amasia, to acquaint him with my design. I frequently represented to myself the impatience he would feel: I fancied him going every day to the harbour, examining attentively every vessel that arrived; and yet I could not remove an involuntary dejection which preyed on my mind, and which I could not account for.

At last I arrived. Still I had to undergo the quarantine, to which every vessel arriving from the Levant is obliged to submit. I thought I should at least hear from the chevalier, or from Icoglan, during that time: but I heard nothing. This silence astonished me.

I knew not what to think of it. Had my letter miſcarried? Was not the chevalier at Naples? Was he ill? Had he remained at Venice? A thouſand different ideas perplexed my mind.

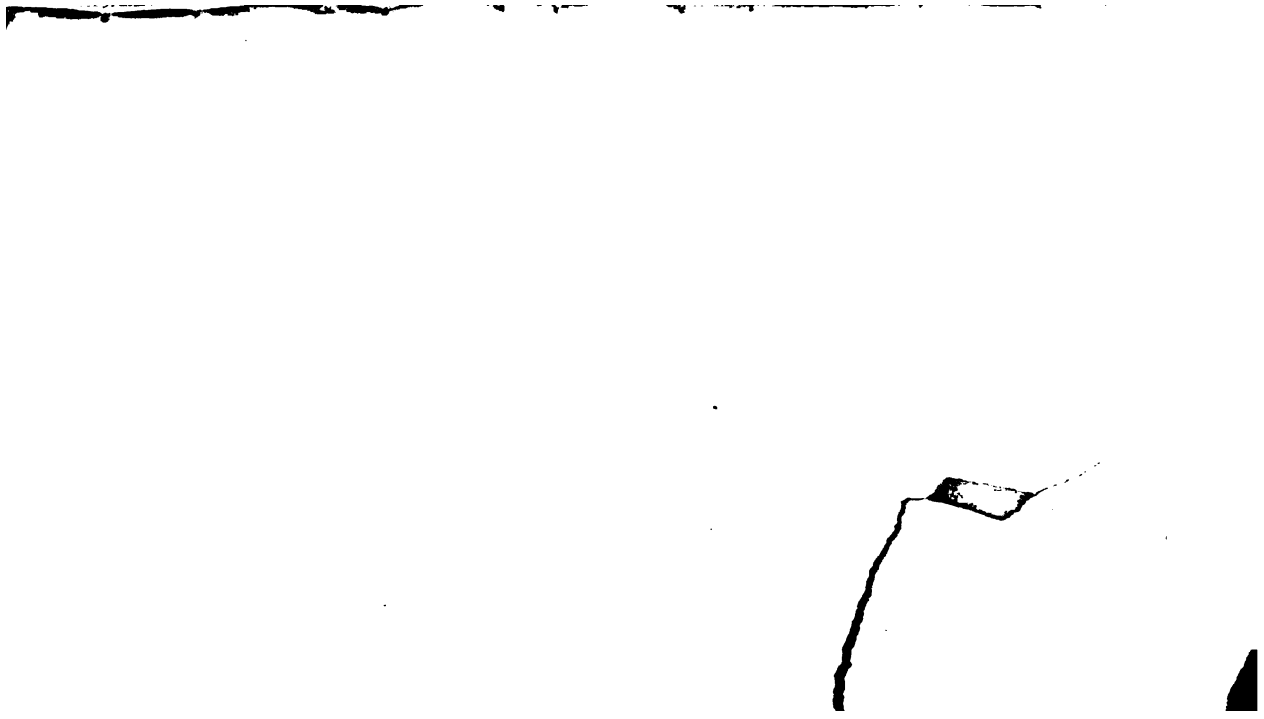
At laſt, our quarantine being performed, we entered the harbour. On landing I met the Chevalier d'Ar * * *, a friend of the Chevalier de * * *, who was ſecond in command on board the galley which had brought me from Toulon to Naples. He came alone to meet me. I was frozen at the ſight.—O heavens! cried I, where is the chevalier?—Now, madam, ſaid he, aſſume all your fortitude, all your religion. I muſt not deceive you: your lover is no re.—

[illegible] ſenſeleſs at theſe words. I was [illegible] off. The ſame day I was ſeized with a violent fever. I had a raging delirium; and in a few days was at the point of death. The attentions of the Chevalier d'Ar * * *, the care of the phyſician, and the ſtrength of my conſtitution, ſnatched me from the grave: but I was upwards of three months in a ſtate of ſtupefaction, in which I ſeemed deprived of all ſenſation. By deg my ſenſes returned, and with th[illegible] perception of all my misfortu[illegible] then learnt that the vengeance

duke de Med * * * 's relations had purſued the Chevalier de * * * into Italy; though it was only the name he bore which excited it, as they knew not that he was the real author of the duke's death. I was alſo informed, that an uncle of the duke de Med * * * had met the chevalier at the Neapolitan court; that a ſharp altercation had taken place; that they met in conſequence of it; that the chevalier was killed on the ſpot: and that the unfortunate Icoglan, being deſirous of avenging his friend's death, had fallen a victim to his friendſhip, dying three days after in conſequence of a wound he received. To complete the liſt of my misfortunes, I learnt, that the ten thouſand livres a-year, being all that had remained of my fortune, were gone with that of the banker in whoſe care the writings were depoſited.

Grief certainly never kills, ſince I ſurvived all my misfortunes, of which indigence was the leaſt. I found myſelf alone in the world, and, as it were, in the flower of my age. God, whom all Chriſtians worſhip, thou alone haſt been my ſupport. In the depths of adverſity e I learnt truly to value the benefits red my dear Emilia.

The



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